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COLONIES FOR GERMANY?

BY LORD ESHER

THE Foreign Office official and indeed diplomats everywhere take a low view of international morality. With cynicism justified by experience they maintain that the humanitarian is beguiled by wishful thinking, that self-interest is the invariable motive of national action, and that realism or even common-sense has no option but to accept the fact that internationally we live under the law of the jungle. In the obvious absence of any more civilized code, it is wiser to accept this flat but solid basis, disposing as it may of the League of Nations, the Hague Court of International Justice, the Christian religion, "my word is my bond", and all those vague and euphemistic hopes about mankind, so dear to the English temperament, that Tennyson expressed in

"We must believe that somehow good . . . . . ."

Obviously we shall find no difficulty in the intellectual task of believing that other nations subserve the law of the jungle, or admitting that in the past we used to do so. But it is only to provide a mere premiss to an argument that anyone would dare suggest to the English people the surrender of their belief that the rules have changed since they were a predatory State engaged in the unprincipled acquisition of their economic wealth and their territorial possessions.

Yet other nations do not hesitate to deny that the rules have changed. In their view we acquired our Empire by every kind of low trick and nefarious action, and then, when satiated ourselves, we changed the rules in order to prevent the late-comers getting a "place in the sun". It is strange how both in personal and national life the same event can be either distorted by the hostile eye of the outsider or gilded by the prejudiced partiality of the performer. How acquisitive and unscrupulous appears to a foreigner the long story of English

imperialism from Drake to Lloyd George. From freebooter and pirates, ne'er-do-wells and missionaries, consumptives an gold-diggers, often disavowed and sometimes criminally trie we have always in the end taken their ill-gotten gains. At ever peace from Utrecht to Versailles the plums have been neatl directed by far-seeing negotiators into our ever-open mouth "Go out and see what you can get"—we have whispered int the ears of the adventurous from Raleigh to Rhodes. Th methods vary. According to Mr. Punch the missionary sai "let us pray"—and while the blacks had their faces in the hands, the Union Jack was run up. Again the penal settlemer discreetly chosen to-day, became the English-speaking Continer of tomorrow. The religious or political recusant, leaving hom for the sake of his conscience, rewarded his banishers with New World. Sometimes we gathered in the proceeds of th crimes of Warren Hastings or Dr. Jameson; sometimes w took over an established trading company which had alread done the dirty work. At the beginning of the industri revolution these crowded islands needed a vast trading are just as Japan, thwarted by Ottawa Agreements and America tariffs, does now. So we took India, so fortunately divide against itself, just as Japan has taken China. But we did s before the word aggressor had been invented. At the end of th nineteenth century the enormous expansion of our trade calle for an increase in our command of gold, just as Italy, thwarte and cheated at the Peace Conference of Versailles, needs minera and raw materials now. So, fortunately being able to suppo those grievances of the Outlanders that resemble so closely th grievances of the Sudeten Germans, we took South Africa, ju as Italy has taken Abyssinia. But we did so before the wo aggressor had been invented. The methods might vary, bu the results were always the same—more red painted on the ma of the world.

In our own eyes the picture of our imperial past loses its luri glare and takes on a golden glow. We know that Machiavel is not our countryman. We know that we do not plot intrigue, that we have never worked out and it is not in ou nature to work out an elaborate and far-flung scheme leading t a premeditated goal. We believe that broadly speaking th

acquisition of our Empire has been accidental, and that such rewards as we have obtained have been merited by our character and by our capacity for governing. We maintain that the men who made the Empire—Clive at Plassey, Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham—were not scallawags and scoundrels, but heroes and men of action. We say that Rhodes was not merely a millionaire, but a man of vision worthy of his grave on the Matopo Hills. Genuinely we feel that the Empire has not been a profit-making business concern run with an eye on the balance sheet by a nation of shopkeepers, but a burden—" a white man's burden "—assumed by magnificent empire-builders for the benefit of the backward races. Innumerable statistics can be brought to prove the "moral and material progress" of the subject peoples, and the value to them of the Pax Britannica under the aegis of which they have evolved. Whatever hostile critics may say, we are convinced that our motives in the creation of our Empire were not greed of gold or love of power, but a sub-conscious urge to civilize, that only became conscious under the enlightening pen of Rudyard Kipling. And hotly we deny that having created it we changed the rules. The moral change that has altered the attitude of the modern world towards such aggressions was not prompted or invented by us; it is genuine and world-wide—one of those mysterious movements in the conscience of mankind for which no man and no nation is responsible.

No doubt somewhere between the black and white of these two pictures, between the jaundiced vision of our neighbours and the complacency of our own, the truth lies. Mixed motives, balancing in unknown proportions between self-interest and altruism will always enable prejudice to take a side. At any rate, knowing the strange capacity of the English for self-deception, it is wiser in any examination of the present to give priority to the lowest possible motives and to assume the validity of the law of the jungle. It is not for nothing that, bad linguists as we are, the jungle words, *sacro egoismo*, *amour propre*, *prestige*, are kept so self-deceptively foreign. However disquieting for our instinctive complacency, the assumption must be made that we also are moved by the national selfishness which is the translation of all these foreign words, and that

certain attributes of the jungle still cling even to the satiated and satisfied nations.

The first law of the jungle is self-preservation. A formidable successor to that long list of aspirants to the hegemony of Europe has begun to trouble that strange construction the British Empire. Philip II., Louis XIV., Napoleon, William II., loomed up against us on the horizon of their various centuries. With invariable tactic we formed a coalition against them, provided ships, money and occasionally men, and fought them down to ultimate disaster. On the face of it, and it is a view held by many sincere men, it is the duty of this " race of tireless fighters " once again to perform this salutary operation.

Unfortunately on this occasion the old simple issue is clouded by two disconcerting considerations, confusing the policy and delaying the action of the governing class. Herr Hitler and his military and political ideas, hostile though they may be to all that England has stood for in the past, is not alone in the field. Beyond him stands M. Stalin and his political ideas, and it is only too likely that that dictator might remain the residuary legatee of European war. There would be little advantage to the democratic powers if, throwing in once again after only twenty years the flower of their youth and the remainder of their wealth, the immense effort necessary to destroy the menace of Nazi ideology led merely to the spreading wave of Bolshevism over Western Europe.

But the problem is further complicated by the belief, growing rapidly in every country in the world, that war under the menace of modern scientific invention would mean the " end of civilization ", and that in fact it can no longer be used as a method of settling international disputes. If this is a fact, it is clear that the nation that ignores it will destroy itself and every other nation as well. The possibility that it may be a fact has been more quickly appreciated and assimilated in England than in any other country. The acute political instincts of the English have for some time been fumbling with the reactions of this discovery. Another method must be found for the settlement of international disputes, and yet it was obvious that the first seekers for such a method were bound to suffer what under the ancient code would have been considered humiliation. They

would be much in the same position as the first men to be insulted after the duel became obsolete. The old code that "honour" had to be satisfied must have had a time-lag into the new morality. Fortunately the English are the perfect race for the making of such experiments, since not more than 5% are aware that it is possible for them to be humiliated. So profound is their confidence of superiority that they never notice humiliation or even defeat. In fact, they cannot be humiliated, since "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so".

The first English essay in the humiliations of a war-less world was the attempt, in spite of the lack of necessary moral force resulting from the decreased membership of the League of Nations, to use the economic sanctions of Article 16 of the Covenant against a Great Power still employing the nineteenth century methods of obtaining a colony. The attempt did not lead to war, but nor did it prevent the absorption of the colony. The attempt was, in fact, a lamentable failure. The second experiment, and only a slightly more successful one, was the attempt to moderate the action of a Great Power still employing the nineteenth century methods of revising a frontier. But if the opinion of the vast majority of sensible people in all countries is correct and "anything is better than war", these new and unheroic methods of settling international disputes will have to be continued and developed. Fresh demands will no doubt be made by the unsatisfied upon the satisfied nations, and the difficult and narrow mean between surrender to fear of war and surrender to justice will have to be found.

The colonial claim of Germany against Great Britain has already been formulated. The motives of Germany in making this claim, which, owing to Herr Hitler's inability to foresee the currency difficulties of the future, is not included in his book, are no doubt mixed. In spite of voices raised in England paradoxically to maintain that the colonies they are so reluctant to surrender are no material asset, Germany probably believes that any area in which her own currency is used must be of economic value to the mother country and that at any rate some quantity of raw materials might be derived from it. But her main impulse is certainly psychological, resentment at the

accusation of Versailles that she was unfit to possess a colony, and a prestige determination not to be the only Great Power without colonial possessions. Herr Hitler has shown considerable moderation in his presentation of these claims. He has announced in advance that the issue could not lead to war, that its solution is not urgent, but that his claim would become more and more insistent as the years go by. In England a guilty conscience about the greedy injustices of Versailles, combined with the feeling that it is not fair that we should have so much while they have nothing, has given considerable support to the general idea of the German claim. But even those who are prepared to admit the principle, despair at once when they come to consider its application.

The difficulties are formidable. On the face of it the simple plan of returning to Germany the colonies she had before the war, would seem the obvious solution. These colonies are only held under mandate, and that could be transferred. But in practice it is extremely doubtful whether, apart from Togoland and the Cameroons, it is now possible for Great Britain to make such a transfer. We cannot coerce the Dominions. Australia and New Zealand would probably refuse to give up their mandates in the Pacific, and still more certainly South Africa would refuse to surrender her hold on German South-West Africa. Again, in East Africa, Kenya would undoubtedly protest against a settlement that would place her between Italian Abyssinia and German Tanganyika, while the Dominion of South Africa would certainly join with all the colonies in south and east Africa in opposing the strategic advantages that Germany would gain by the re-appearance of German East Africa.

It is clear that, even by the light of the jungle law that underlies nineteenth century Imperial theories, this solution will not do, and we must look outside this deceptive simplicity for a wider and bolder plan. A glance at the map of Africa seems to show that Great Britain must insist upon the compact possession of the eastern states of that continent, and that for economic, strategic and imperial reasons she cannot forego the realization of Rhodes' Cape-to-Khartum imaginative project. It seems natural that France, too, should control that compact northern and north-western territory that she has so ably organized, developed and

civilized. If then a colonial area for Germany is to be carved out of Africa, there remains the west. If Togoland and the Cameroons were returned to Germany, and in addition the French Cameroons and Nigeria were added to this territory, Germany would possess a large and valuable colonial empire, compact in itself, and distant enough not to conflict with the French or British areas. It is useless to disguise from ourselves the strategic and economic disadvantages that would ensue to Great Britain from this concession to justice. It is true that we keep the Indian Ocean free from the interference of a possibly hostile military power, but we place that power definitely on the trade route to South Africa, which would be serious in the event of simultaneous trouble with Italy closing the Mediterranean. The future economic prosperity of our compact area in east and south Africa would have to be balanced against the immediate loss of our rich west African possessions. It is idle to pretend that we should not be paying a heavy price for colonial settlement but it does seem clear that no other solution is possible within the narrow limits of nineteenth-century ideas.

The truth of the matter is, however, that nineteenth-century ideas, in this field as in most others, are obsolete. The class war with its strikes has been discarded by industry ; the national war with is armaments cannot long survive the ghastly power of its own machinery, combined with the cost in much-needed wealth that the production of that machinery curtails. With these there fall into collapse those colonial and imperial ambitions so dear to the dead century.

The English, leading as ever the political movement of the world, but working as ever not on theory, but on the basis of practical necessity, have made considerable progress in the substitution of new ideas for old. Conciliation without strikes in industry, settlement without war in international disputes are policies which, if not always effective, show clearly enough the change in our point of view since 1914. In imperial ideas the change is no less conspicuous. Unavowed, almost unrealized the policy of " giving away the Empire " has followed almost immediately upon its acquisition, as in America a financier is metamorphosed into a philanthropist. The ties which bound the Dominions to the mother-country became so attenuated as to be

invisible except to the eye of sentiment. Ireland, which fo centuries had been forcibly unified, was divided and given sel government. India, which for centuries had been forcibl divided, was unified and given self-government. Egypt an Irak were no longer painted red upon the map. Great Britai had ceased to believe in force as the instrument of self-interest the Kipling era was over.

However unconscious the movement away from imperialis may have been, its tendency is now clear enough, and ther seems no logical reason why it should not be extended. Unde modern ideas the division of Africa is an anachronism, servin no genuine political or economic purpose, yet keeping alive th puerile but dangerous rivalries of the European nation Leaving out of account independent Egypt, the independen Dominion of South Africa, and that civilized fringe of Norther Africa that once belonged to the Roman Empire, the rest of th continent is not only not a white man's country, but is primitive black, barbarous and hot.

Obviously the proper method of dealing with the Germa grievance is not to redistribute Africa, incur all the politica economic and strategic difficulties that are involved in such redistribution, but, with the above-mentioned exceptions, t internationalize the Continent. The creation of a vast free-trad area, governed by an international civil-service, and in whic all currencies would be valid, is the solution called for by century intelligently aware that imperialism is obsolete.

Unfortunately, however, the operation concerns not onl Great Britain, but other nations in different stages ofinternationa morality and political intelligence. Throughout history th uncultivated and unintellectual English race has shown th prescience of its political instincts. Alfred the Great unifie England, while France had to wait many centuries for Louis XI and Italy and Germany many centuries more for Cavour an Bismark. The destruction of the power of the monarch slowly evolved in England from King John to James II., was onl obtained by revolution in France in 1789, and by revolution i Germany and Austria in 1918. The dictatorship of Cromwe in England long preceded the dictatorship of Napoleon i France, and still longer the dictatorships of Signor Mussoli

and Herr Hitler in Italy and Germany. England began to acquire her Empire in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. France did not attempt to follow her example until the eighteenth century, Germany and Italy till late in the nineteenth century. If these processes of political experience are, as would seem from their recurrence, inevitable in national history, they have in Italy and Germany been dangerously compressed. The long effort in France to destroy the rival dukedoms and to collect all Frenchmen into one realm; the long effort in England to limit the power of the monarchy ; the sporadic efforts of ambitious individuals to centralize power and obtain the hegemony of Europe, have been concentrated like a nightmare into German and Italian life between 1840 and 1940. And yet the fierce nationalism of these peoples feels defrauded because it has not also experienced the long colonial and imperial effort of England between Queen Elizabeth and the Great War. The white heat and agony of this unnatural concentration are the penalties of arrested development.

We, in England, have passed normally through and out of all these stages and do not suffer from the inhibitions of these frustrations. We can, therefore, contemplate with equanimity the transition from this intense nationalism to a new international order and a war-less world. Having experienced all the slow gradations of nationalism since Alfred the Great made us a nation, we can envisage the coming change into a world-state as calmly as we look back upon the Heptarchy. Our thought acquires no revolutionary violence before the prospect of the United States of Europe, any more than it has any nostalgia for the lost independence of Mercia. We know that the unity of Europe may take centuries to achieve, but physchologically we have turned the mental corner and accept the necessity of its achievement.

But we cannot expect Austria to feel German as Mercia feels English, and even Bavarians still find it a conscious effort to remember they are Germans. There is an " inevitability of gradualness " in political adaptations, causing the perpetual failure of revolution. Pychologically and intellectually mankind cannot overleap the stages of its own growth, any more than a baby can avoid the painful process of cutting its first teeth.

Only in mythology can Athena spring fully-armed from the brain of Zeus. Only the feckless Russian could believe that a modern industrial commonwealth could spring full-equipped from the brain of Lenin.

Not only is it impossible to avoid the stages of political growth but it is dangerous to hurry them. The fever of Germany arises from her attempt, after centuries of arrested development, to synchronize stages of growth that other countries have spread over long periods of time. She may survive so dangerous an experiment, or she may not. But she cannot escape from the endurance of it, and it is useless for us to explain or pretend that the experiment is unnecessary and that she ought to move on at once to the stage of political growth which we ourselves have reached.

It is almost certain, therefore, that we shall not be able to persuade Germany, obsessed as she must inevitably be with the romantic story of British imperialism, that these ideas are obsolete, and we shall fail to carry her forward over that stage to the conception of an international Africa. It is extremely improbable that Great Britain, however enlightened to modern ideas she herself may be, will be able to reach this ideal solution and it is far more likely that she will be obliged to recognize the backwardness of other nations by reconciling herself to a redistribution of Africa based upon Nigeria. If this is so, the world will once again no doubt live to regret the lost opportunity.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

By D. W. Brogan

"STONING the prophets is ancient news" and, for too long, the role of prophet in the field of American politics has been even more ungrateful than elsewhere. The first result of the elections of November 8th has been to restore the faith of that battered band in themselves, for the results were not surprising, in mass or in detail. Daunted by years of bad guessing, the professional observer of the American political scene kept his fingers crossed as he estimated the probable results but, if he was to stay in the business at all, he had to believe that the Republican party would come out of its coma, that an effective third party would fail to be born alive in Wisconsin, Iowa and other maternity wards of the Middle West and that, on the whole, the left-wing wave would be shown to have spent its force. What other political trends might be revealed, above all whether the results cast any light on the great mystery of American politics, Mr. Roosevelt's intentions for 1940, are questions too complicated to be stated, much less answered, in a few words.

The most important of the indubitable results of the election is the revival of the Republican party. Stated in terms of seats in the House of Representatives, that revival is striking enough and has been greater than the tipsters had allowed for. A great relative increase in Republican strength had been forseen, but perhaps intimidated by the depressing experience of 1934 and 1936, the prophets thought the once Grand Old Party would get fifty seats in the lower house, whereas it has got over seventy. Put in other terms, this result does not seem so brilliant; the party which ten years ago was dominant and apparently invincible has raised its representation in the lower House of Congress from a little over a fifth to over a third and, in the upper, from just about a fifth to just about a fourth. Such figures

would have seemed fantastic any time in the last sixty ye
but then so many fantastic things have happened in the
ten years that nothing need seem fantastic for long.

The first result of this Republican revival is that the for
opposition can oppose. Reduced to a handful in each ho
(and fearful of being reduced further), the Republican pa
could not successfully oppose the administration and was cont
to leave that task to dissident Democrats. Short of personali
and, to a large degree, of faith in its own future, the Republi
party in Congress was hardly even a nucleus round wh
opposition formed; it was a wing of the real opposition to
President formed by conservative Democrats who feared
dire designs of the head of their nominal party on the nation,
constitution and the sacred Democratic party itself. Not o
was the Republican party in no fighting mood; it was, in f
so small in numbers that it could hardly play its part in work
the parliamentary machine. In Congress, the exclusion
representatives of the executive from parliamentary discussi
has fostered the growth of a committee system which is the
engine of the congressional machine. That engine, for
normal working, needs the collaboration of the opposition
only to force some degree of harmony on the administrat
party. But from mere numerical weakness, the Republica
especially in the Senate, have been unable to supply eno
committee men; committee lists in consequence have ha
typographically lop-sided appearance that represented a
reality. This was bad for Democratic discipline and bad
responsible criticism of the executive, for as long as dissid
Democrats stayed within their party, they were bound to
lip service to a common purpose joining them and Mr. Roosev
a common purpose which, if it ever existed, ceased to exist
moment that he (and they) got elected together on the sa
ticket. There is now reason to hope that the regular opposit
will do their regular job which has been a spare-time occupat
of such Democrats as Senator Burke and Senator Byrd.

The revival of the Republican party may well have ot
important results. If it had not made a come-back this ti
if it had won less than fifty congressional seats for instance,
party might have been written off as a total loss by the gr

interests whose ally and instrument it has been since Lincoln's death. The men who backed Mr. Landon with money in 1936 had decided in many cases, it is believed, that they had made a bad investment and there was a time when it seemed as if they would not supply funds for one more battle. But that battle has been fought and, if it has not been won, at any rate the results have been insufficiently discouraging to force Big Business to look for another political agency. Had this happened, the fight between the New Deal and the Old Gang would have taken place inside the Democratic party and it is unlikely that the issue would have been clarified before 1944, if then. The last time that a major American party died was just before the Civil War and the death of the Whigs was one of the symptoms of a desperate situation. Believers in historical parallels ought to rejoice to discover that the Republican party, if still feeble and merely convalescent, is yet sitting up and taking nourishment. The revival of Republican strength is not merely or, perhaps, mainly indicated by the congressional gains. The party has been living on very short commons for six years now. At the lowest ebb of Democratic fortunes, that party had strongholds into which it could retire; behind the long walls of Tammany or the solid South, the wounded Democratic national party could retire and apply balm to its wounds, inadequate balm no doubt, but balm all the same. In the Republican disasters which began in 1930 with great local and congressional defeats and were then followed by the disasters of the presidential election of 1932, there were no such compensations. Only the state of California and the city of Philadelphia remained in Republican hands of all the great prizes of the game. This, combined with the falling off in revenue from the good, the wise and the rich, put many a stout Republican on very meagre rations indeed; had the drought continued unbroken, a late revival of the party, say in 1944, might have come too late; it might have found most of the faithful war-horses of the party dead round the dried-up water holes or, equally bad, driven out of politics altogether to some form of work. Enough pastures are now green (to borrow an image from scripture sanctioned by Mr. Roosevelt) to fatten up the troops for the next campaign. It is true that California has been lost and New York just not

won, but there are Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania in i
creasing importance, to console the faithful. In the dark days
1936, the delegates at the Republican convention sang
" three long years " which they and the country had endur
The cloud that has come up, while bigger than a man's ha
does not by any means cover the sky, but any cloud is bet
than none ; the winter of Republican discontent is not yet ov
but the Republican ground-hog has put his nose out and m
soon go further than that.

It must never be forgotten that the election of 1936 great
exaggerated the real Roosevelt victory over the Republic
party. To carry only two states, to lose more seats in Congre
to be kicked around like the Missouri hound-dog of the famo
song, was so dramatic a beating for the Republicans to take, th
it was forgotten that, after all sixteen million people voted f
Mr. Landon and that it was their bad distribution, geographica
speaking, that made their share in the formal government
the country so small. Fifty congressional seats were lost
very narrow margins in 1936, lost, that is to say, because M
Roosevelt was running as well as the local Democratic candida
Even if Mr. Roosevelt were as popular in 1938 as he was in 19
he was not running for office this year. That is to say in
" off-year ", these casual gains, like those won in strong Labo
districts by National candidates in 1931, could only have be
held if the tide had continued to run strongly to the left—a
that would have meant the end of the Republican party.

The Republican recovery has thus given the people i
represented in 1936 something like their due share in the nation
and state governments. This change is to be welcomed a
that not merely as a matter of abstract justice. In a democrac
the rights and even the prejudices of the minority are only
be neglected at the cost of the strength of the government—
of its democracy. Mr. Roosevelt, it is true, has shown mo
understanding of this truth than has Mr. Chamberlain ; he ha
as a rule, been less peevish under criticism and when he h
attacked his opponents, he has used more the manner of t
saloon-bouncer, than the manner of the irritated schoolmast
lecturing his form on stupidity (*theirs* of course, not his). It
a good thing, therefore, that the powerful dissentient minori

should have its voice made more audible by the amplifying effect of respectable representation in Congress. But there is another good side to this Republican revival. If that party had died quickly and had cleared the way for a new and more candidly conservative party, its decease might not have been a matter for regret. But the vested assets of the party, though apparently wasting rapidly, were yet considerable. Over wide areas in most states, the Republican name was still worth something and in that name had been invested personal assets that might have been lost had the decline continued. Until six years ago, in many states, any really active politician, no matter what his opinions, naturally sought a career in the dominant party; joining it committed him to little except a belief that the North was right in the Civil war. It is true that some politicians, who had thus been registered as Republicans, successfully entered the Democratic party like Mr. Harry Wallace and Mr. Harold Ickes. But these two eminent refugees from the Republican camp were taken into the cabinet by presidential fiat; it would have been harder for either of them to enter Congress or perhaps even the state legislatures of Iowa or Illinois, than to become leading members of the administration. For the local machines had their own complement of faithful Democrats who had borne the heat and the burden of the day and who now naturally wanted the jobs and saw no reason why eleventh hour labourers, however eminent, should receive the penny of elective office. One result was to project into high office minor politicians who had kept the Democratic party alive in desert regions from family sentiment, from congenital nonconformity, or from a faint hope that some day, in federal politics, the time would come when being a Democrat would be an asset in regions where there were so few. The congenital nonconformists were often amusing and valuable characters, but the role of these Sancho Panzas or in a few cases Don Quixotes was limited. The traditional Democrats obtained their reward and this, in part, accounts for the very high proportion of Irish-Americans in office at the moment, for they were the backbone of the Democratic party in states where there was only a backbone and a few floating ribs. When these dry bones put on flesh, the faithful Irish benefited. And the other type, the hopeful discounters of a

return of the good old days of Woodrow Wilson, naturall tended to be like machine Republican politicians—without the experience. This last group of legislators and office-holde undoubtedly did the New Deal a great deal of harm. Severa of the most striking victories of the Republicans in this campaig have been due less to any desire to punish Mr. Roosevelt, tha to remove from office official friends of Mr. Roosevelt who wer imprudent custodians of public funds—not to put the case to strongly. Long exclusion from office had saved the Democrati party from its temptations and an aura of purity hung roun the gallant leaders of quite forlorn hopes which faded when thes forlorn hopes became political certainties in 1930 and 193 when the transformation wrought by office began to do its work Sometimes the transformation of the demagogue into the states man, more often the transformation of the naive minorit leader into the more or less conscious accomplice of crook Indeed, looking at the record of the party in some states, one wa reminded of the famous cartoon in which Forain showed two ol French republican zealots looking at the fat, unattractive bu opulent figure of Marianne. *Que la république était bell sous l'empire.* How noble and inspiring was the Democrati party in the complacent Republican days of Messrs. Harding an Coolidge! If its "form has not yet lost all her original brightnes nor appear less than archangel ruined and the excess of glor obscured", the Democratic party has, in these recent days o good fortune, suffered a little from the world's not so very slo stain.

It is a commonplace of criticism of the democratic proces that the electorate has no discrimination and complacen English democrats, confident that, in the long run, you canno deceive the English people, can be found doubting whethe Lincoln was right and asserting that, in fact, you can fool a the American people all the time. But in this election as i others, the American people has, in fact, shown that it ca discriminate and that it is not enough to be a Democrat to ge by. Several of the most striking electoral successes of th Republicans have been due to just discontent with the politica cadres supplied by the Democratic party.

The revival of the formal opposition in this election has no

only had the good result of punishing the ruling party for its tolerance of unworthy members, it has made possible the utilization of serious resources of political talent and character which otherwise might have been wasted, as so much talent and character in the Democratic ranks was wasted in the long summer of Republican supremacy. This has happened in British politics; the dullness of the present cabinet, the dreary nullity of its tail, is the price we have to pay for the disappearance of the Liberal party as a possible government and the failure of the Labour party to take its place. France suffers even more from the exclusion from political careers of so many able and honest members of the upper classes and the consequent demoralizing seduction of such once zealous members of the left as Pierre Gov[illegible]l and Georges Bonnet. In America, the problem is of la[illegible]icated by the "locality rule" which forbids the minority Re[illegible]to save its leaders from oblivion by giving them safe seats in the staunch Republican districts. There was a real danger that the Republican party would be reduced to drawing its national leaders from the faithful but archaic districts of up-state New York and New England, a disaster almost as great as the strength in the Democratic party of the most obscurantist politicians from the solid South. A congress which only offered as an alternative to Representative Dies of Texas, Representative Fish of New York would cause even optimists to despair of the republic! From the point of view of political personnel, the elections have done much to restore faith in democracy. The more fantastic schemes have been rejected, for one may reasonably hope that the dallyings of Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts with neo-Townsendism have been merely politics and, Mr. Curley once defeated, no more pension pipe-dreams will be heard of. If the New England conscience is not capable of this change of front, it is not what it was.

It would be idle to pretend that there have not been losses. The defeat of Mr. Murphy in Michigan by the perennially popular Mr. Fitzgerald is to be regretted if it gives aid and comfort to the anarchical views of Messrs. Ford, Bennett and Cameron, for there are more ways of breaking the social contract than a sit-down strike as it is to be hoped that Governor Fitzgerald will remember. Another defeat may be regretted from the

personal point of view. Governor Philip La Follette in Wisconsin is a vigorous personality and an excellent executive, but the lesson of his defeat is not a useless one. The day for a third party has not come and may never come, for the United States, to remain united, must put up with a symmetrical political structure. Too close an imitation of the British Labour party has not paid in America any more than it has paid in Britain. The attempt to force the President's hand, however natural, was a little parochial and if the La Follettes have failed to make a deal with the administration, the fault is not entirely Mr. Roosevelt's or even Mr. Farleys'. The defeat of the Farmer-Labour party in the neighbouring state of Minnesota is due more to internal feuds than to any great principle. It illustrates, if they needed illustration, how much that party and other parties of this type need the stimulant of a great personality since the death of Floyd Olsen the Farmer-Labour party has looks. like our Labour party, full of every virtue except the political ones.

It is as certain as such things can be that the fight in 1940 will be between the Democratic and the Republican parties, comparatively little troubled by revolt or by third-party diversions. It has been too easily assumed that, in that fight, the conservative Democrats have all the cards in their hands. Actually, the revival of the Republicans has crippled them as much as it has the President; probably even more. For their calculation was that the alarmed conservative elements despairing of the Republicans, would pin their hopes to the triumph of the Carter Glass type of Democracy. But the results have not encouraged this school. The reaction against the New Deal has taken the form of voting for the Republican candidates. If Governor Murphy of Michigan was defeated because of his tolerant attitude to the sit-down strikes, Governor Cross of Connecticut was defeated despite his defence of law and order—and defeated because of the large vote given to the Socialist candidate. The conservatives of the "nutmeg state" voted Republican; the real left-wingers voted for the personally strong Socialist candidate and what was left was not enough to make Mr. Cross governor for the fifth time.

More than that, the old sectionalism has reasserted itself. It

would be absurd to suppose that Senator-elect Reid of Kansas is as a Republican, a spiritual kinsman of Senator Austin of Vermont or Representative Fish of New York. It would be equally absurd to suppose that all the people who regret the defeat of that Catholic Democrat, Governor Murphy of Michigan, regret the defeat of that Catholic Democrat, ex-Governor Curley of Massachusetts. Very good Democrats may rejoice that the candidate supported by that pious machine-politician, Boss Hague of New Jersey, has been defeated by a liberal Republican. Outside the solid South, the victories and defeats of the Democratic party have not been victories for " sound " Democrats and defeats for " unsound " that is Rooseveltian Democrats. In New York, Senator Wagner did better than Governor Lehman, despite his association with that " charter of labour licence ", the Wagner Act. And the victorious Republicans are often far more to the left than are many eminent Democrats. Just as Republican Mr. Landon was unsound from the point of view of Democratic Senator Glass, Republican Senator-elect Taft is probalby unsound from the point of view of Democratic Senator Burke or Republican Congressman Fish.

Two problematic results of the elections remain to be noticed in foreign affairs, isolationism is not weakened by the result. The loss of marginal Democratic seats has necessarily reduced the number of Irish-American members whose influence on the side of General Franco has been more of a credit to their hearts than their heads. If there is a nationalist and quasi-fascist reaction in America, American Catholics will be among its first victims, as the wiser of them realize. The rashness with which this not very popular minority has sponsored intolerance ; has swallowed Frank Hague in silence and has smiled on a neo-fascism that could only flourish by becoming a new Klu Klux Klan has been one of the oddest features of modern America. Whether the fascist issue becomes lively or not depends on Europe as much as it does on America. If Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini continue on their barbarous course, the American people will rally round the President who can so skilfully (and so sincerely) strike the note of democratic faith and of national pride. In such an emergency, no amount of eloquence from Mr. Kennedy or a dozen royal visits or even a personal call from

Mr. Chamberlain himself will shake American conviction that what they see in Europe east of the Rhine is dangerous and evil. A worsening of the European situation, that is to say, will strengthen Mr. Roosevelt's hold on his party and on the country. In such a crisis American politicians who want to display their " realism " had better get naturalized here, raise a comparatively small sum and get into parliament ; they will not go far in their native land.

But even if Herr Hitler does not force Mr. Roosevelt's possibly not unwilling hand, other developments may. If it becomes evident that the President cannot choose the next Democratic nominee, if that party shows signs of falling into its old error of aping the Republicans, the only solution open to the President will be to run a third time. If, in fact, his friends are to be victimized, the Maury Mavericks and the Frank Murphys thrown out, while the Dies and the Burkes flourish, the President may decide that only one man can save the new deal, its author. On the behaviour of the Republicans a good deal will depend. If their opposition is intelligent and reasonably critical, they can do themselves and their country much good. They can tackle the defects of Social Security for instance and, perhaps, make the Wages and Hours bills more workable. But if they yield to temptation, if they play ball with the Nigger haters and heresy hunters of the deep South and think too much of Myopia or of the other resorts of the good, the wise and the rich, they will force the President to take the field to defend his handiwork. And much as Mr. Roosevelt is disliked inside and outside his own party, as a vote-getter, for himself if not for others, he has no equal. But if Europe leaves America alone and the depression shows signs of lifting, the American people may, in 1940, be given a chance to choose between two reasonably relevant programmes and between two reasonably attractive personalities perhaps at present unknown, without the distraction of a red-hunt run by fools for the benefit of knaves, or the even greater distraction of a personality so potent that normal political judgment is transformed into hysterical love or hate.

JOHN MORLEY

By J. A. Spender

FROM the time when I was seventeen years old the Fortnightly Review has been my constant companion. A copy of it, bought second-hand for a few pence, was discovered in my bedroom by a relative of evangelical opinions with whom I was staying about the year 1880, and well I remember the scene that followed. Taking it in a pair of tongs and holding it high above his head, he marched downstairs and placed it at the back of the kitchen fire, with an awe-struck household looking on.

Morley was then nearing the end of the fifteen-year period in which he had edited it, and in the closed circle of the orthodox his name had become a symbol of the subversive ideas from which the rising generation needed most to be protected. "Our miscellany of writers" he says in his "Recollections", "was taken by prejudiced observers to disclose an almost sinister unity in spirit and complexion. This unity was in fact the spirit of Liberalism in its most many-sided sense". Certainly it was many-sided. On one side Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer were developing the doctrines of evolution and evolutionary ethics; on another Morley himself did battle for the Utilitarian theory (which he preferred to call the "Beneficential Theory of Ethics"), and then towards the end came Joseph Chamberlain and Charles Dilke with the opening moves of the new radicalism. The bill of fare may sound a little austere to a generation which has forgotten the zest with which these heroes waged their war and the breathless interest with which their fortunes were watched by intelligent onlookers. Such mild interest as is evoked in these days by the new physical theories cannot for a moment be compared with the heat and dust thrown up by the protagonists in these battles of long ago. It seemed as if an irreparable breach had been made in the

ancient ramparts, and the cry went up from Bishops and Archbishops and the great company which stood on the ancient ways in religion and politics that the host of Satan was at the gate. To all these THE FORTNIGHTLY seemed to be specially insidious because it covered the inner core of its subversive doctrine with an outer coating of high culture which was calculated to deceive even the elect. A Review to which Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, Walter Bagehot, George Meredith, Frederic Harrison, Gabriel Rossetti, Leslie Stephen, Mark Pattison, and Walter Pater contributed could not escape notice even among the Conservative-minded. All these brilliant writers seemed to be in league with the editor to undermine "the system", as Meredith called it, the established order of Church, State, rank, fashion and commerce, which fifty years earlier Cobbett had called the "it".

Morley, the centenary of whose birth is celebrated this month, was in the habit of speaking of himself as an "old journalist". but he was not really sealed of the tribe, as the old contemptibles of the trade would understand that phrase. It is doubtful whether he ever entered a newspaper office until he walked into the dingy little room in Northumberland Street from which the *Pall Mall Gazette* was edited. Certainly he never went through the mill of newsgathering or reporting, and as an editor he regarded himself as concerned mainly with opinion, which meant writing the daily leading article (in those days displayed in large type on the front page of the penny evening papers) and selecting the principal contributors of the literary articles and book reviews. Of journalism in this sense his experience was confined to the four years in which he edited the *Pall Mall Gazette*. How he troubled the political waters in those years may be learnt from Dr. J. L. Hammond's recently published book, "Gladstone and the Irish Nation".

In early days he was a literary free-lance doing any job which served to keep him alive in the lean years after a quarrel with his father had compelled him to leave Oxford prematurely and try to earn a living in London. Except for an occasional hint that these years were for him the "hungry twenties", he was curiously reticent about them in after life. The scanty records show that when hard pressed he took pupils and even taught

in a school. But from the beginning his eye was fixed on Parliament, and when in the year 1869, at the age of 31, he fought a forlorn hope as a radical candidate in his home town of Blackburn his course was definitely set. When asked as a child what he intended to be when he grew up, he is said to have replied " a great man ", and by a " great man " he always meant a public man, a Parliament man, and no mere scribe.

This was the clue to the whole of his life. He had a remarkable literary gift which enabled him to catch the eye of important people and ensured him a rapid rise after his early struggle. He would work indefatigably at any literary work which came his way so that he might gain his footing in what he believed to be the real world of the great. The safe income of £400 which came to him in these early years as a writer of " middle articles " in that organ of stern and unbending toryism, the *Saturday Review*, was grist to this mill. There is a pleasant touch of irony in the picture which he has painted of himself and the late Lord Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—waiting together in silence in the editor's anti-room, the one bringing the political provender desired by the editor, the other earning the modest income which was to help him on his way to be a Liberal statesman. They eyed one another but never spoke, and I seem to recall that Morley told me in after days that he never in his life had had a word with Lord Salisbury, greatly as by that time he had come to admire him. " Lord Salisbury and I ", he said, somewhere about the year 1900, " are the only two believers in a Liberal foreign policy alive today ".

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For a young man with Morley's qualities and ambitions, it was great good fortune to have been appointed editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW before he was twenty-nine. Mr. Francis Hirst has told the story of these years very fully in his " Early Life and Letters of John Morley ", and I cannot do more than glance at it here. In the first eighteen months of its existence the FORTNIGHTLY had come very near foundering and its proprietors had been obliged to abandon their original idea of fortnightly publication. But it testifies to the reputation which it had gained for itself in these few months that they thought it wise to retain the title when it had ceased to be

descriptive. For the decision to retain it Trollope was responsible, and in after years he entered a whimsical defence of its "absurd misnomer".* It was to this tradition and "valuable connection" that Morley succeeded when Mr. Edward Chapman appointed him editor in 1866, and it brought him at once into the grand circle of Victorian Liberals and made him the conductor of their orchestra. With his indefatigable industry and seriousness he proceeded to educate himself for a position for which till then he had only the sketchiest qualifications. Nineteenth century Liberalism traced back many of its leading ideas to the great Frenchmen of the eighteenth century—Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Turgot, Condorcet. He resolved to study them all, write articles or monographs about them, and give the same exhaustive study to the great Irish-Englishman, Burke, about whom it was still hotly debated whether he was rightly called Whig, Liberal or reactionary. These studies might give scope for literary gifts, but Morley's object was the intensely practical one of sorting out of the great lumber-room of obsolete rubbish and living wisdom surviving from these times such things as had value for Englishmen living in his own day. They were in this respect the writings of a "publicist" and not primarily of a literary man.

"Read them mercifully", he used to say in after days when one harked back to them, "remember the volume of the water which has flowed under the bridges since they were written". Nevertheless, when the necessary discount has been made, these books and the articles in the FORTNIGHTLY during the same period, hold a highly distinguished place in the literature of political edification. For all his objection to orthodox theology, Morley had a strong theological strain in his own nature,† and it found expression in the fervour and unction of these commentaries on the Liberal prophets. But they earned him the reputation, which he never quite shook off, of being a

*"Of all the serious publications of the day it probably is the most serious, the most earnest, the least devoted to amusement, the least flippant, the least jocose—and yet it has the face to show itself month after month to the world with so absurd a misnomer"—Trollope quoted by Hirst, 1, 64. Substantially Trollope's defence was that it was a very serious thing to change the name of a periodical, since that would be almost equivalent to starting a new enterprise.

†George Meredith said to me once when we were discussing Morley, "cut him open and you will find a clergyman inside".

doctrinaire in practical affairs. They led him into a habit of large discursive generalisation, which, though very attractive to the reader, is apt to lead a writer into difficulties when he is dealing with the problems of the hour. Criticism of the party system from the high altitude of general principles—principles which led logically to conclusions dangerously like those of Bolinbroke's " Patriot King "—got him into serious trouble on the eve of the 1868 election. He had predicted the death of Liberalism at the hustings, and when the Liberal party came back to power with a great majority he persisted in denouncing the new Parliament as a " Chamber of Mediocrities ", the same old collection of " Colonels, squires, lawyers, railway directors, millionaires in search of social tone, striplings of great houses ". This Parliament was nevertheless to go down to history as having brought " reform in a flood " under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone's greatest administration. To the end of his life he remained sadly conscious of the difficulty of squaring the ideal with the real ; and to search out something that he had written in these early days and throw it at the head of the Secretary of State in after years became in time one of the recognized branches of political sport. There was trouble of this kind about the year 1890 when the member for Newcastle had to reconcile his acceptance of eight hours for miners and other items in the new radical programme with what the editor of the FORTNIGHTLY had written about the limits of State interference in former years.

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In the eighties most young men who came from Oxford to London dreaming of a literary career brought a letter of introduction to Morley. I brought one from Max Muller and took it to Elm Park Gardens in January 1886—an awkward moment, for he must have been up to the eyes in discussions behind the scenes of events leading up to his own entry into office as Irish Chief Secretary. He was kind, I recorded at the time, but scarcely encouraging. He said he would assume that I could write, but wanted to know what I could write about.* The question was disconcerting, and I floundered heavily. For an interminable period his only comment was " Ah " with a deep

*He used to relate that another young man whom he had asked to say what he considered to be his strongest subject had answered " invective ", and when pressed for particulars had said " general invective ".

breath. Then he picked me up a little and said of course that was what I had to find out. After that he talked for a few minutes about style and journalism and the difficulty of " keeping head above ink in the murky tide ", and earnestly advised me to go back and learn my business in the provinces, from which after six months of adversity in a provincial newspaper office, I had just come. He cited Stead whom he called the " most vivacious of the tribe ", and said he had learnt his job in Darlington. It was not acceptable advice, but I took it and for the next five years was learning my job as editor of a daily newspaper at Hull.

I seem to remember that at this interview he struck a warning, note against the idea which he discovered in some youthful minds that journalism was a good way of getting into Parliament and qualifying as a practical politician. He held strong views on this subject, and to the end of his life seemed to regard himself as the one exception to the rule which fixed an impassable boundary between the two activities. Long after, when I was writing the Life of Campbell Bannerman, a letter of his came into my hands in which he strongly protested against the suggestion which appears to have been made by some of his colleagues that a certain journalist should be appointed to a high administrative or diplomatic position. He said among other things that the practice of journalism in the way in which this man was supposed to have practised it was bound to dull the faculties, and could leave nothing over as mental and intellectual capital on which to start a new career in middle life. In general his view was that the over-development of the critical faculty which political journalism encouraged was harmful to the cool and impartial judgment required of a Minister or high official.

I was one of a little party at his dinner-table in the year 1898 when Joseph Chamberlain was his principal guest, and we sat till midnight while host and guest discussed the vanities and disappointments of the public life. Both said in their haste that they did not care a fig what posterity said about them ; what they wanted was to achieve their ambitions here and now. Chamberlain was quite frank that he had wished to be Prime Minister, and he said that, having been baulked of that by the Home Rule split, he was aware that his career could only from

that time on be a second-best, but, as a practical man, he was determined to make the best of the second-best. This, I think, was exactly what Morley found difficult. He had all the literary man's sense of the greatness of the scene on which great affairs went forward, and saw the leading figures on it as men making history, men who might hereafter win the Homeric epithets which he himself awarded so abundantly to his literary heroes. The Irish question on which he made his greatest contribution to public affairs appealed to him first of all as history. He had made a careful study of it in his early days, and he saw it as drama or tragedy in a spacious historical setting with a predestined part laid down for the modern Liberal leader. Gladstone, who had the same habit of mind, found in Morley just the congenial spirit he needed when he started on his Irish crusade in January, 1886. Only those whose memory goes back to this time can realize what it meant to the older man to have at his side this ardent auxiliary, full to the brim of the subject and ready to share the enormous risk which he was taking.

I heard several of Morley's speeches on the Irish question during the next few years and remember them still as among the best platform speeches I ever listened to. They were oratorical exercises in the grand style which read the next day nearly as well as they sounded when delivered. Admirers spoke of Burke and Fox having come to life again, and not without reason. Their merit lay in a certain embroidered simplicity. They abounded in the commonplaces which delight big audiences, but placed them in a literary setting which gave pleasure to the most fastidious. He was most in his element when expounding his theme in a broad and general way, and least at home when explaining the details of an Irish Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons. Indeed, the details, both in 1886 and again in 1893, were exasperating. Let alone the complications of finance, it passed the wit of man, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, to satisfy those who wanted the Irish to remain in the Imperial Parliament and those who wanted them kept out. Morley was often in despair at the irrationality of critics who wanted things to be and not to be at the same time, but skilful as he was as a literary dialectician, he was without the peculiar skill which is

needed to reconcile these opposites in the heat of debate.

This is the handicap which with rare exceptions is carried by men entering Parliament in middle life, especially literary men accustomed to debate with their pens rather than with their tongues. When it came to the impromptu give and take of debate Morley suffered from an embarrassment which got him marked early in the day as not a " House of Commons man ". The judgment is compatible with great respect and admiration, but it bars the road to the leadership of a party and the eventual succession to the Prime Ministership. In all the discussions about the leadership of the Liberal party after Mr. Gladstone's retirement one never heard Morley's name mentioned. He was recognized as a most distinguished ornament of the party and it was agreed that everything in the world should be done to give him pleasure and show him respect, but the dyed-in-the-wool Parliamentarians were clear that he was not one of them and that he would not do to lead them. It depressed his spirits and took the edge off his enjoyment of the public life. He saw men who were his juniors and had no pretensions to his intellectual qualities come up and pass him in the race for the highest place, and, perhaps even more galling, he saw it taken for granted that this must be so. The literary man, the late-comer into Parliament should go thus far and no farther. This, I think, is what chiefly weighed with him when to Asquith's great astonishment in 1908 he announced his decision to quit the Commons for the Lords.

The chapters in his " Recollections " in which he describes his intimate friendship for twelve years with Joseph Chamberlain tells a large part of this story. It was a union of opposites, in which each supplied the other with the qualities which he was conscious of not possessing himself. There is something very engaging in the picture which Morley draws of himself listening earnestly to the projects and arguments of the practical man, admiring his acute mind and concentration on the things of the day but finding him a little lacking in general ideas, and dangerously rash when he plunges into the deep waters of Rousseauism and the rights of man. If these two could have been rolled into one, Chamberlain with his eye for detail and debating accomplishments, Morley with his discursive mind and

literary gifts, what an incomparable statesman they would have made!

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Another unfulfilled ambition of Morley's was to be Foreign Secretary. Rosebery would not give it him in 1894, and Campbell Bannerman was deaf to all hints that he would like it in 1905. Here he came up against another of the rooted traditions of the "system". A man who had proclaimed himself a "little-Englander" and "anti-Imperialist" might be Prime Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of State, but he could not in reason expect to be Foreign Secretary. There was a silent agreement on this point in the official and diplomatic world, and it amounted in practice to a veto which all Prime Ministers respected. Yet we may think with regret of the dispatches which Morley would have written if he had held this office. His style was exactly suited to the great occasions when a Foreign Secretary is called upon to argue or remonstrate on matters of high policy. As a matter of fact, though he stoutly maintained that he was an "anti-Imperialist" and in 1914 his old preference for non-intervention reasserted itself, there was little trace of the "little-Englander" in the intervening years. As Secretary of State for India he had a high sense of the majesty and dignity of the British Raj, and drew very firmly the line beyond which disorder could not be tolerated or rash experiments in democracy be permitted. In these years he played an active part in overcoming the objections of the Government of India to the British-Russian agreement of 1906, and for that earned the warm acknowledgments of Campbell-Bannerman and Grey. He was never happier than when acting as deputy Foreign Secretary when Grey was taking holiday, or in attending and even presiding over the Committee of Imperial Defence. On these occasions he would discuss the strategic problems which arose on the Indian frontier, or lay ahead in Europe, with the greatest zest, and without showing the slightest trace of any doctrinaire or non-intervention views. He would advise the soldiers about their own job without any hesitation, and often with great shrewdness. "Sharp sallies and quick return to the base" was the advice he offered to soldiers dealing with trouble on the North-West frontier.

Morley in these days was one of a little group of personally charming men—Balfour, Asquith, Rosebery, Birrell, Grey, Crewe, Haldane were others—who gave sweetness and light to the inner circle of politics. To be in the company of any three or four of these was to listen to the best talk on all subjects, and between them they covered a wide field of literature, history and philosophy. Morley was delightful in this setting ; his voice was fascinating, his manners exquisitely polite ; indeed, in argument he often yielded so much to an opponent that he never could recover the lost ground. Whether he, Asquith or Rosebery had the better memory for things done or written in the past was never quite certain. They would chase one another through the centuries till they got back to Plato and Aristotle when Asquith disputed the lead with Morley. Sometimes the formidable Lord Acton looked on, waiting to pounce, if any of them gave an opening, which they very seldom did. Morley on these occasions showed a gaiety and lightness of touch which he seemed deliberately to exclude from his writings. He was in fact of the old school which regarded the literary language as a thing to be guarded against the intrusions of everyday speech. Someone said of his Life of Gladstone that he seemed to put on the uniform of a Privy Councillor when he sat down to write it. It was part of his philosophy that, when it came to writing, the great man or the great theme deserved the grand style, and he very deliberately tuned himself up to it. To have kept the pitch through three big volumes was a very remarkable feat, and though other sides of Mr. Gladstone remained for others to explore, it is difficult to find an equal example of high sculpturesque biography carried through consistently on the same design.

The literary temperament which Morley brought into politics was always a puzzle to the practical politicians. Undoubtedly he was, by their standards, *difficile*. He greatly disliked having his dispatches or memoranda pulled about by men who had no sense of style ; it often needed long argument to convince him to concede small points which the practical man would have decided in five minutes. He told me when he became Secretary of State for India, as he did when the Curzon-Brodrick-Kitchener quarrel was still simmering, that the first thing he had done was

to issue a warning to all and sundry that if any of them threatened to resign, his resignation would instantly be accepted. Yet within a few weeks he himself was telling the Prime Minister that if he did not get his way on some relatively unimportant point there would soon be a " vacant stool in Whitehall ". The threat of the " vacant stool " was a constant worry to Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, and it had serious and (I believe) unintended consequences in 1910. I was the humble means of building a bridge on that occasion, but Asquith told me that he had had at least twenty letters of resignation from Morley before he accepted that one.

Yet in spite of, and perhaps even because of, these little frailties, he is held in affectionate memory by those who were associated with him in these years. It was a pleasure to do him any small service. " Pray come quickly and bring me fodder " was a call I often received in the ten years between 1895 and 1905, " fodder " being material for forthcoming public speeches on the subjects of those years, Fashoda, Kiao-Chow, South Africa, the Education question, the fiscal question. How gladly one went for the sake of an hour in his company, and how admirably the " fodder " was transformed into the feasts with which his audiences were regaled. Sometimes an article I had written threw me out of favour for some weeks or months, but he was never so charming as in his ways of ending these little tiffs, and when I was bidden again to the " Viscounts' lunch "—himself, Esher and Knollys—I knew that peace was restored. There was a time after the war when all communications seemed to be broken—we must go our separate ways he said, while " hell blazed ". Then one day in the year 1916 I got a note from him to say that he was sending me a " paper-weight " for my writing table. The " paper-weight " turned out to be the Seals of the Secretary of State for India, which had become his property on the death of King Edward. As possessor of the Seals, I felt in a privileged position to visit him in his last years, and I recall with gratitude the many happy hours I spent with him in the great room in his house at Wimbledon, where he wrote at leisure and browsed among the ten thousand best books from the Acton library, which had now come into his possession.

CART CANVASSING

By Helen Simpson

I AM now Prospective Yellow Candidate for the Erewhon Division, somewhere in the South of England. It is not a large division as these things go. We reckon by parishes still such matters, and there are thirty-six parishes to be canvassed, most of them agricultural, with a sprinkling of the kind of pleasure-towns which hibernate from October till May. Buses hibernate too. You see them, like gigantic bright-coloured-beetles, quiescent in garages on the outskirts of every town. The train services dwindle as visitors go home for the year. Transport becomes, from October till May, something of a problem for those who do not drive cars.

I do not; indeed I ought not, for I have one blind eye and present-day speeds, even in winter, need all the attention that stereoscopic vision can give. What to do? I like horses and am never in a hurry. I wrote to the officers of my Executive to say that I proposed canvassing from a pony-cart.

The officers, in a state of despondency and alarm, met and conferred. This suggestion of mine, innocent enough on the surface, held possibilities of danger not readily to be appreciated by the amateur in politics. It was all a question of our mortal enemies, the Purples. The Purples already controlled opinion, as represented by the chief newspaper of the district; they were completely unscrupulous; and they might be relied on, if I went about the traditional business of asking for votes in an unconventional way, to make public mock of me and my equipage, and so lower me in the eyes of our small but compact world.

Still unconvinced, I asked what they could say that might not be (*a*) laughed at or (*b*) disregarded completely. The officers with a glance at each other and no doubt a smile, enlightened me. They said that both the Purples and the Pinks—we have

a Pink candidate, who lives by blackguarding both his rivals—would seize upon the fact of a pony-cart not being the most modern form of conveyance. They would say that this was emblematic of Yellow political thought, fifty years behind the times and making no attempt to catch up. There would be cartoons perhaps; rude comment certainly; with, at meetings, the likelihood of persons rising to ask who put the Yellow Party in the cart. In fact, the officers had a case.

But as attack never for long can keep advantage over defence, so a way was found to repel these insinuations; not only that, but to turn the weapons of the mockers upon themselves. The Purples' man, who is also the sitting member, goes about his duties in a resplendent car. The Pink Candidate, who does not live in the district, employs a minor car, preceded by a certain amount of railway mileage. The constituency is something over a hundred miles from London on an air route. Consideration of these facts led me to insert an announcement in the local newspapers to the effect that the Yellow Candidate proposed in future to reach Erewhon by plane and canvass by pony. "Interviewed, Mrs. Enworb said: I believe these two methods of travel to be symbolical of the methods of that party which has done me the honour to adopt me as its representative here. The car is now out of date for any distance over 100 miles; it is uneconomic for house-to-house calling, as our milk distributing companies have discovered. The plane for the first purpose, the pony for the second—this is obviously the only way of canvassing. It combines a true use of progress with recognition that older methods may have their value."

This issue triumphantly dealt with, the pony was purchased. It is less easy than it was to buy a pony, and twenty times more difficult than it was to discover one broken to a cart. Pickles was the answer to prayer. She was short and stout, with a homely figure and split ears which, surely as a certain method of pronouncing the *r*, betrays Devonshire origin. She was shaggy, and to her forelegs the straw-coloured nits of the bot-fly clung like powder. Her governess cart and harness went with her, in good condition, the lot for twenty pounds. I thought there must be a snag, but no. She was ten years old and used to her cart, she came willingly at call, she had respectable paces and an

even temper. The shagginess and the flies were trifles easily dealt with. I closed the deal, and we made our appearance together in the constituency one fine sunny morning in September.

In the first hour's progress I had bagged about twenty children. The kissing of babies has, with the march of knowledge and a generally diffused but hazy apprehension of the power of germs, gone clean out of our political picture. A ride in a car is no treat to the modern child, who travels in a motor-bus to school and has no illusions about the internal combustion engine. A pony is a delicious novelty and, as such was appreciated "What have he got round his tail, Missis?" "That's the crupper. These straps are the breeching. I haven't got a brake on the cart, you see, so when she goes downhill she sits back in those straps". "Do he eat bread"? "Try". Interval while Pickles, amid interested silence, politely accepts a crust and dribbles it over the bit. "Can I have the whip a minute, Missis? Can I take this buckle undone? Haven't he got little feet, like? What do he have a yellow ribbon for?"

I let them have a go with the dandy brush. There was competition for this, ending in a fight. I thought of Tom Sawyer's dodge to get the painting of the fence done, and realized that Pickles need never be seen with a hair out of place while there existed in Erewhon children emulous to groom her. I trusted they would remember the yellow ribbons. We bundled off down the road pursued by their cheers, and accompanied by the knowledge that they would, all twenty of them, report the incident without fail to their parents.

The next score was a well-dressed elderly gentleman who halted as we appeared and stood at gaze while we tooled by at six miles an hour. This is a pace which permits remarks to be exchanged between pedestrian and driver, should they both so choose. The motor sets a barrier of speed between users of the road. Even the smallest and most beetle-like of cars would think shame to proceed at less than twenty miles an hour; and at twenty miles an hour driver and pedestrian might be in different parishes so far as conversation goes. Speed, too, engenders resentment. The powerful car detests the family

vehicle ; the small car's sense of inferiority impels it to scamper past buses, yapping ; the bicyclist is reviled by motorists, the pedestrian is ignored. A caste-system of speed has arisen. It has turned the roads into chapels of Little-Ease, whose rites include human sacrifice to the tune of some quarter-million men, women and children a year. The point is, however, that a pace of six miles an hour admits of conversation.

Said the elderly gentleman : " Good Lord, I haven't seen a contraption like that for twenty-five years. What on earth are you doing in it " ? I was the Yellow candidate, I said, and I was canvassing ; and might I canvass him ? He replied that he was a member of the Upper House, and therefore, in common with aliens, minors, convicted felons, and persons found guilty of corrupt or illegal practices, had no vote to give me ; but he could rise to some sherry. Sherry or—" what's that stuff your people go in for ? Cocoa, isn't it " ? I declined cocoa, and invited him to finish his walk in the cart. He accepted looking wistfully at the reins, which I gave him. We drew up in style at his manorial door.

He has no vote ; but his domestics have. Can they see their employer driving up in a cart with Yellow ribbons on the whip, and receive orders to provide festal sherry for Mrs. Enworb, without drawing the deduction that he does not wholly disapprove of Mrs. Enworb ? Not wholly to disapprove is in itself, where this gentleman is concerned, a kind of commendation. He has plenty of domestics.

Perhaps this is the moment to point out that in the Erewhon Division there still exists the ghost of a feudal system. You cannot grapple with it ; it is too tenuous for that. You may deny its reality ; in return it can make you extremely uncomfortable, as is the property of ghosts. This property is pretty well the only one the system retains. Its acres have gone for builders land, its responsibilities have dwindled with its income ; but it still has power mutely to threaten. Take a few instances.

A baker's shop in a village. The baker's name has been given to me as a lifelong Yellow, and I require him for the purpose of taking the chair at a village meeting. He is busy but amicable ; takes me into his sitting room with the Forester's

Certificate and a dead son's medals framed on its wall, turns the cat off the best chair (against my protests) and asks what he can do for me. Informed, he looks sober, and begins to pull at his lip and to scratch his cheek. "Well, you see, I don't like to disoblige a lady and our Candidate, but the fact is—well, in business we have to go careful. Very careful, we have to be. We've got a lot of Purple customers, you see, there's where the trouble is". "How can your political views affect your bread? It won't be any less good because you're going to put a cross against my name". "No, t'wouldn't, that's a fact, but you see, up at the Hall they deal with me. Her Ladyship always says there's no buns anywhere like what I bake". "Would the Hall really take away its custom"? "Well, they might. 'Tisn't more than a few shillings, but it would be serious for me. They all know, round hereabouts, that the Hall deals with me. It gives me a sort of standing, like. I should lose a lot of custom if I lost the Hall. I'll vote for you, Madam, never fear. And my wife, and my son and his wife. We're all good Yellows, have been since my old grandfather's time—he was a staunch old Yellow, he was. Only we can't have it known".

A farm on the side of a slope which, because it goes up and this is England, must be called a down, It is lovely pasture, the very stuff for sheep, whose feet should be kept dry, and who do better on this crisp turf than in the lush hollows below. The face of the hillside is scarred in a loathsome manner with rabbit burrows. It is a considerable warren; there must be hundreds of the brutes there, spoiling good turf. We used to reckon in Australia that five rabbits ate as much as a sheep, and I say so angrily to the farmer encountered in his field of oats contiguous to the down.

"Can't anything be done about those rabbits? They're no good to you. Can't we take some gas to them?" "Listen you, Miss. See this field? I spent ten pound to sow it. How much would you give me for it as it stands? If you say thirty bob, its yours". "Rabbits?" "Rabbits, what else? They come in off the down. Mr. Newcomer, up to the big house, he won't see 'em touched. Like to come out and pot 'em of an evening; can't hit a bird, but he like a nice sitting rabbit. It's not my land, there where they breed". "Is Mr. Newcomer

your landlord?" "Not him; I bought in '21. I told him time and again. I wanted to take them acres off of him; t'would pay me, even at the rent he'd charge. But no go". "Shall I write to the local papers, and kick up a fuss?" "Don't you, Miss. You mean well, but don't you. T'won't do me no manner of good to get acrost Mr. Newcomer. He'm a bastard, excuse me, but it don't do to say so". "You're not his tenant. What could he do to you?" Said the farmer darkly: "They has their ways".

Last instance, pathetic and fatuous. A boarding-house keeper, down on the list as—inescapable political adjective—staunch, receives me in the off-season. "I've come to ask you if you'll help me. I know you're of our way of thinking. If we have a meeting here, will you come to it, and put up a bill in your window?" The boarding-house keeper hesitates. "Meeting? Well, I don't know so much. When would that be?" "A month hence". "Oh, winter! Yes, I might come". "And the bill, will you put that up?" "If it's next month, I don't mind. I couldn't risk offending my visitors if it was in the season. I have some very nice people come here then. One's a retired Army man". "Aren't we very nice people, you and I? We're not offended, we don't leave the house in a huff on learning that our hostess is a Purple". "They don't like it", the boarding-house lady said obstinately. "Does your Army man pay well?" "Oh, no. He only has the top back room. But the others like to know he's there". "Even if the others are Yellows or Pinks?" "Well", said the boarding-house keeper considering, "there's no gainsaying the best people are all Purples. Everyone likes to feel he's sort of in with the best people. So that's how it is".

Now this and the farmer's attitude, and even the baker's dilemma, are the results of ghost-worship pure and simple. For after all, what can these people do to the baker, the farmer, the boarding-house keeper? There is no substance in this fear; which perhaps is what makes it effective. It is one of those fears, like the poor man's dread of the workhouse, which once had force enough behind it, That force, spent now, still casts a shadow. It is a very difficult bluff to call.

I am grateful to Pickles for the introductions, now not to be

numbered, that she has effected. I think with compassion of those persons who, doomed to little cars, attempt to sentimentalize these mechanical contrivances by christening them Sally or Wendy or Bunter. They remain indistinguishable and undistinguished. No doubt of it, a pony cart is the thing.

I am expecting every day to hear that the Purples have tricked out their man in a coach and four with silver buckles and spanking bays ; no expense spared. As for the Pink Candidate, I dare say he may prefer to make his rounds on a tractor. Tractors are so Russian.

FACING THE ISSUES

By P. V. Emrys-Evans, M.P.

HOWEVER deeply divided the country may be on certain aspects of foreign policy, it is united in its deep anxiety with regard to the future. However much men may force themselves to believe that diplomatic defeats are really moral victories, their true feelings are shown by their manifest fear. They seem in spite of themselves to be asking to what premature doom and to what undeserved fate an Empire so great, so vital, the guardian of such high ideals, is apparently being hurried with ever quickening pace to the end of its long and glorious history. It is not necessary to share these dark forebodings in order to understand the causes of the pessimism which casts its shadow over the present generation. An elder statesman recently said that age had lost its serenity and youth its joy, and an Archbishop has confessed that his contemporaries have failed to deal with the problems of the day, and he hoped that those who came after would be more successful. Even ten years ago it would hardly have been conceivable that those who had grown old in the service of Church and State would have felt, much less have admitted, so much failure in carrying through the tasks of their own time.

The main cause of this strange defeatism is an inability to face unpleasant facts, and a dogged determination to believe that only the desirable exists. On such minds the repeated shocks of the last few years have had a stunning rather than a quickening effect, and the realities are explained away by confused words and surprising doctrines. On more than one occasion an optimistic speech proclaiming that the atmosphere is lighter and the sense of tension less has been the prelude to an immediate and acute crisis. In this realm of make-believe it is difficult to take the urgent measures and the drastic steps which the perils of the time demand.

Like her neighbours this country has experienced profound changes as the result of the war, but unlike some other great Powers, these islands have happily escaped a revolution. Much of the old pre-war system and more of its mind has survived. There is still a failure to realize that elsewhere a new world has come into being, directed by individuals who neither know much nor care greatly about the pre-war past, who are determined to exploit to the fullest extent for their own ends the tremendous instruments which science has so recently placed in the hands of men. In the face of such a challenge it is impossible to compete in the race without new methods. Any attempt to do so is like trying to keep up with a motor car in a carriage and pair. Any effort to make the carriage go faster places those who use it in much danger without the slightest chance of catching up. It is clear that no progress can be made in present conditions unless the realities are faced boldly and the major questions of the time approached from a new angle.

In the closing months of this year the situation abroad has become progressively more unfavourable for this country. Events would seem to have forced her to abandon her traditional policy of using all her influence and authority to prevent one Power gaining military predominance on the Continent. Complete military and economic control of Europe under one authority would soon reduce these islands to a state of vassalage. It would, of course, bring peace, but the peace of submission and poverty, and the extinction of all freedom. There is no halfway house. The existence of small, well governed countries such as Sweden and Holland is no guide. They exist because the Western democracies are powerful. They are able to enjoy liberty, to maintain certain standards of conduct and to cherish certain ideals because some of their stronger neighbours are equally fortunate. When overwhelming military power destroys or dismembers a small State it is a blow to all free States, great and small, for there is no virtue in being large. The weaker States begin to flit uneasily round the conqueror and attempt to make the most favourable terms not because they would, but because they must. All the free countries of Europe are weaker and less certain of their future to-day than they were as short a time ago as last February.

It would, however, be wrong to suppose that the apprehensions of the free nations are not shared by some other countries which live under the rule of Dictators. A totalitarian State has no more desire than a democracy to yield up its independence. Mutual interest is a bond which enables this country to make friends not only with those nations which have the same form of government, but with others living under an entirely different system. Great Britain has to-day, as she has always had in the past, close and friendly relations with certain authoritarian States. A world-wide Empire must and does realize that there is room for more than one form of government, and that in different conditions the system of administration must vary. There is, therefore, no ideological conflict. Turkey and Portugal, both Dictatorships, are close friends of this country. To suggest that there is any school of thought which seriously maintains that a clash must come between Dictatorships and Democracies is to set up a political Aunt Sally in order to knock it down. It is moreover a dangerous form of political propaganda. It gives the impression which none will maintain openly, but which some will whisper that there is a war party in England. They become the tools of foreign propagandists, for what they say in low and timid tones, Herr Hitler proclaims in terms which are loud and clear.

It is this refusal to face the fact that there is no quarrel between dictatorships and democracies that is responsible for the confusion which exists in the public mind with regard to the nature of the real and grave danger which faces the nation. It is not totalitarian governments as such, but totalitarian governments with aggressive nationalistic aims and loudly advertised schemes of vast economic and territorial expansion which if carried through must affect the lives and fortunes of their neighbours no matter under what form of government they may live. Only the blind can fail to see that such a threat exists in Europe to-day. This country has been reluctant to admit the danger and powerful efforts have been and continue to be made in order to persuade the people that there is an easy and comfortable way out of the present difficulties.

The policy of appeasement has a habit of breaking down in every crisis because its authors have not yet realized that those whom they wish to appease have no desire to be appeased.

Certain Dictators find their own policy much more successful and profitable than coming to terms with those Powers whom they believe have neither the will nor the desire to rearm on a scale which will make them really formidable. In dealing with such governments it is surely necessary to exercise caution and wisdom and to make sure that advances will receive reciprocal treatment and that they will bring peace and not humiliation. The attempts which have so far been made by the British Government to arrive at a general settlement have failed, and each mission and every approach to the Reich has been regarded as a sign of weakness. In spite of all claims this policy of so-called 'realism' has been proved to be sadly out of touch with realities.

Lord Halifax recently set forth the three alternatives which lay before the nation in its relations with certain other Powers—a peace of understanding, an armed peace and war. War is rejected as a counsel of despair by all in England, but not by all abroad, and it could never form the basis of British policy. Speaking in the House of Commons on November 10th, Mr. Eden summed up what should be the attitude of this country to war in these striking words. 'Hatred of war', he said, 'is good. It is sane and it is healthy. But fear of war is not so good, for fear of war paralyses the will, and no policy that is based upon fear, no policy which makes an appeal to fear, can be a policy that this country can follow'.

A peace of understanding is clearly the ideal settlement. It could have been achieved at Versailles; it could have been obtained during the decade which followed the war, but in the changed circumstances of to-day there is little or no chance of an early general settlement. A very recent speech of the German Chancellor should set at rest any doubt on this point. Herr Hitler said: 'They talk of understanding. The word "understanding" is somewhat incomprehensible to us, because we do not want anything from these men, except perhaps our colonies'. Germany will not negotiate until and unless she is convinced that this country has become so powerful and so determined that it is worth while coming to terms with her. Until, therefore, a change in the world position of the British

Empire has taken place it is idle to hope for the success of this alternative.

There remains an armed peace for some time to come. Where a specific agreement cannot be obtained, a *modus vivendi* must be found. It is not possible to persuade Germany and her friends to create a more comfortable world, but it does lie within the power of this country to become immensely powerful if she will. An armed peace is not the ideal solution anyone would choose. Even now it is being obstinately resisted by many, but however bleak the immediate prospect and however great the sacrifices, it is the only path this country can follow with any hope of creating a more peaceful and stable Europe.

It is at home and not abroad that the way out of the present difficulties will be found. Internal and external questions have from habit been so completely divorced from one another in the past, that there has been a tendency to treat them as entirely separate matters having no relationship to one another. In truth, however, there can be no social progress and no lasting improvement in the conditions of the people unless there is real and lasting peace. It is clear that at first great changes must take place in order that the country may be in a position to reassert her authority and maintain her independence, for nothing less than the very existence of the nation is at stake.

Opinion, however, is still divided not only on the nature of the steps which should be taken, but to some extent on the goal at which the country should aim. There is a logical pacifist case for complete disarmament and an overwhelming case for real rearmament, but there is no case for partially rearming. Partial rearmament is an exceedingly dangerous policy for it is provocative without being effective, it creates a false sense of security in the public mind and despair in the fighting services. Moreover it makes an effective foreign policy impossible. Yet such a policy has strong advocates who maintain that an expansion of the arms programme would mean ruin, little realizing that defeat or surrender, the consequence of inadequate measures, would mean a more certain and complete catastrophe. Nothing could be more disastrous than that this view, supported by many specious and comforting arguments, should prevail.

There is no real means of providing for future security except by rearming on a scale commensurate with the nation's responsibilities and by organizing the people to meet the new forms of attack which have been invented and perfected in the present century. Until the end of the war this country was living in the naval age. The navy provided all the protection which was necessary. There was always time to prepare for an emergency. If it had been true that the country always 'muddled through', it would not have been anything of which to be proud, but in fact in the only service which was vital great care was always taken to maintain a standard in ships and personnel much superior to those of any possible competitor. That complete immunity from attack has now gone for ever. Europe is back in the conditions of the Middle Ages. Every man to-day must defend his own home and his family; he must be vigilant like his ancestors who were always ready to man the town walls at the approach of danger.

It is now apparent that nothing short of a social revolution demanding sacrifices from all will be adequate to deal with the problems ahead of the country. In Germany the National Socialists are young, vigorous and energetic. They obtain results. However much we may dislike their aims and their methods we are bound to admire their enterprise. At home as well as abroad they have been responsible for remarkable achievements. Without their dynamic qualities this country cannot hope to keep up or to survive.

Unity, however, has been imposed by one party on the German people and by harsh and ruthless methods. There lies a source of weakness which cannot be concealed in spite of all the protestations of the German leaders. It is possible to make men hold their tongues, but no tyranny, however powerful, can control men's minds. It is often forgotten in these times when national power is measured almost exclusively by divisions, aeroplanes and ships that in the long run it is the intangible things which play the final and decisive part. National unity if it can be obtained in this country will be irresistible for it will be based on the conviction of a free people. The resources of a great industrial country and an immense Empire working under

dynamic leadership would soon enable the nation to rearm on any scale necessary and to re-assert her authority in the world.

In the past, certainly in the closing years of the nineteenth and the early years of this century, successive Governments endeavoured to maintain the continuity of British foreign policy. Unfortunately that tradition has been broken. Too often in recent years foreign policy has unhappily been subordinated to internal political considerations with disastrous results. There is no reason why this unfortunate development should persist. It is indeed the measure of the present weakness. Continuity of foreign policy should not be difficult when the present experiments are over and provided they lead to no major disaster, it will be found that the interests of the country demand a line of conduct in international affairs which is defined by experience. There is less freedom of choice than is generally supposed, and no power to shrink into something comfortable and small.

Foreign policy, however, can only be effective if there is real power behind it, and the nation can only become strong in its truest sense by attacking the problems of unemployment, health and housing on a scale as yet unthought of. On such a basis national unity on foreign policy can be obtained. The greatest dangers arise not from any fundamental difficulties, but from a half-hearted and negative point of view. Palliatives have been applied too often ; they lose their effect, the disease gains on the drug and more drastic remedies become necessary. There is a growing demand in many quarters that there should be an end of the false optimism which has done so much to mislead, and that the grave issues which are before the nation should be resolutely faced. There is no ground for defeatism provided action comes quickly. In the prevailing despondency it is sometimes forgotten that opportunities come to brave men but never to timid ones. This fundamental truth will be felt more and more in the difficult days which lie immediately ahead of the English people, for on them will rest the decision whether or not the broken standards of conduct can be restored and liberty preserved in Europe.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS ENEMIES

By Lord Elton

A GREAT majority, I have no doubt, of the British people was fervently grateful for the Munich Agreement, if only because it delivered them from a horror which must have obliterated for ever everything they held dear. And if all that was achieved at Munich had been to postpone that supreme catastrophe, Munich would yet have been worth while. But Munich, I believe, meant more than the liquidation, by a miracle, without war, of a disastrous series of injustices and mistakes. If Mr. Chamberlain has his chance, it will yet prove, I believe, the point of departure of a new, humaner and more realistic diplomacy, and of an era of gradually relaxing tension. This will seem perhaps an exaggeration of optimism to those who accept the critical Weeklies as representative of public opinion, and whose ears are deafened by the desparing outcries of the ideologues. Let it be remembered, however, that for a decade now these same ideologues have been, almost gloatingly, prophesying the end of civilization, in the alternative guises of a death-struggle of ideologies, or a catastrophic revolution. And, though there are powerful currents in British opinion which probably desire war—currents particularly conspicuous within the Labour Party, which in recent years has fought so many elections as the self-chosen, indeed the self-righteous, champion of peace—I have too much faith in the good sense of the British people to suppose that the warmongers will prevail.

It is impossible, I think, to understand the full case for optimism, until certain deep-rooted confusions as to the past have been exposed. Let us begin by resolving to abjure for a while the sanctimonious illusion of a Britain which has always virtuously believed in settling every international difference by reason. Would that the issues were so simple! Let us compel ourselves to recognize that, if at Munich we seemed to yield to

force, it was because twenty years earlier we imposed injustice by force. Let us compel ourselves to recognize that if Germany is now in the grip of a system which appears to us to glorify force that is, partly at least, because of what we did at Versailles, and failed to undo in the years which followed. Let us remember that it was for the sake of a military frontier, expressly demanded by Marshal Foch, that, on no other grounds of reason or justice, the Sudeten Germans were handed over in 1918 to the rule of their hereditary foes. Let us remember too, now that our admiration for the discipline of the Czechs, and our sympathy for their misfortunes, is in danger of obscuring the historical facts, that Dr. Benes promised, in May, 1919, that the new Czechoslovakia was to model itself upon Switzerland, neutral Switzerland; and that none the less Czechoslovakia allowed itself to become the linchpin in a system of military alliances, whose avowed object was to hold Germany down by force—alliances cemented when Germany was helpless, and, worse, at the moment when she signed the Treaty of Locarno, and was received into the League. Let us remember that, when the rankling grievances of the Sudeten Germans led them to protest, the League would, and indeed could, do nothing, save set the official telescope to its blind eye. Let us ask ourselves, as candidly as we can, whether there was not some plausibility in the picture which its enemies learned to draw of the League, as an alliance of the victors, resolved to maintain the settlement of 1918, as it had been imposed—by force. Let us ask ourselves why, if the League was in fact a league to remove grievances, and not to perpetuate them, the man in the street should first have heard of the twenty-year-old complaints of the Germans of Sudetenland, when at last they became the storm-centre of a new threat of violence. The briefest impartial survey of this tragedy of errors will make it evident that only a miracle, and Mr. Chamberlain, averted its apparently inevitable climax, the yet greater tragedy of another world war—which Ramsay MacDonald prophesied in 1918 as the certain consequence of the cession of Sudetenland to the Czechs. No British Party has been guiltless in this long record of infatuation. It was Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues at Versailles who insisted on sentencing the frail young German democracy to the terrific

punishment which might conceivably have been appropriate for the fugitive Hohenzollerns. It was a body of Conservative Members of Parliament which menacingly urged Mr. Lloyd George, when he seemed to incline towards clemency, to a more vindictive peace. It was a Labour Government which (though an earlier Labour resolution had advocated the union of Austria and Germany) evaded the claim of both countries for the Anschluss by peaceful and reputable means. It was the Liberal idealists of the League of Nations Union who continued to ingeminate the abracadabra of Collective Security when the conditions which alone could justify that theory—the possession of such overwhelming force as would prevent war, because it could not fail to win it—had long ceased to be, and who preached ten sermons on resistance to aggression for every syllable they spoke as to revision of frontiers.

Yet must the errors which we all shared in the past be repeated in the future? Is the almost unimaginable new hope which dawned on mankind in the first flush of gratitude after Munich, really to be extinguished in the sordid conflicts of faction? Do those who greet with cries of execration the joint pledge of Munich to attempt to settle grievances without war, really speak for the friendly, peace-loving, realistic British nation? Let us examine for a moment the case, and, it must be added, the complexes, of those who are determined that Mr. Chamberlain shall not, if they can help it, bring peace to Europe.

At the basis of the whole unstable structure lie two deep-seated illusions; the obsession of the old-fashioned ideologies—that sooner or later despotisms and democracies must, and indeed ought, to plunge into a death-grapple, the democracies, oddly enough, in close alliance with liberty-loving Russia; and the obsession of the old-fashioned imperialists—that the same universe cannot contain a powerful Germany and a powerful Britain, and that, consequently, to restrain German ambitions, a world-war must be fought approximately every twenty-five years. The victims of both these illusions naturally agree in holding that in Munich the Prime Minister threw away a golden opportunity of fighting a world war, with powerful allies still at his side. And, though they agree on little else, they were to be seen united in support of the "Independent Progressive"

candidate in the Oxford bye-election, where a fleet of opulent motor cars supported Mr. Lindsay, and the Chamberlain candidate owed his victory to the working-classes.

The illusion that it is possible to extend democratic principles by the sword has a long ancestry, and will die hard. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Churchill, its most eloquent present exponent, pursued the same *ignis fatuus* in Russia at the close of the last war ; nor that the one incontestable consequence of the various White Russian adventures was to ensure the permanence of Bolshevism. All through history dictators have thrived on threats. Italy and Germany are *military* dictatorships, and their peoples welcome, or submit to, their full rigours primarily because they believe that they must be strong to resist their enemies. Every warlike menace flung at Hitler or Mussolini by our peace-loving Labour democrats strengthens despotism in Germany and Italy. Only in the milder European climate which will follow Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement can democratic principles again become contagious. The leaders of the Labour Opposition must re-learn today what they were preaching in 1924—that no matter what the internal politics of other countries may be, if there is ever to be stability in Europe, all must be admitted to the comity of nations. Indeed, if the Labour spokesmen would write ' Germany ' for ' Russia ', their election speeches of 1924 would serve as admirably realistic counsel in the perplexities of 1938. Though it may masquerade as pro-Czech, the real passion behind the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain from this category of opponents is in fact anti-German. When Lord Cecil accuses, not only the Nazi Government but all German governments, from the time of Frederick the Great, of perfidy, he not only exhibits an unexpected ignorance of history, but forgets the eternal wisdom in Burke's aphorism, that you cannot draw an indictment against a whole people. If seventy million human beings in the heart of Europe are pre-destined to be untouchables for all time, why waste time upon a League of Nations ?

Are the old-fashioned Imperialists any wiser than the old-fashioned ideologues ? Is no accommodation ever to be possible between German ambitions and the British Empire ? Must there always be a new world war as soon as Germany begins to

look formidable? I think that a realist must recognize that Germany is bound to be the strongest European power, as we are the strongest world-power. If France and we had exploited the advantage of Versailles consistently and to the full, we might have postponed German resurgence for another ten or twenty years, at the cost, eventually, of an infinitely more dangerous explosion. The real significance of what happened at Munich, is not so much that territory was ceded to Germany as that she snapped the weakest link in the chains with which France had sought to restrict her growth; if President Benes had been willing a year ago to renounce the French and Russian alliances and pass into the German orbit, he might well have avoided any cession of territory. Germany is now well on the way to become politically and economically paramount over a vast area of Mittel-Europa, an area economically comparable with the British Empire. Need that mean war? In his Naval Treaty with us Herr Hitler abandoned all idea of rivalry at sea. It may be that Germany will be content with this great Danubian hegemony; it may be that she will become entangled in the problems of its nationalities and minorities, as others have become entangled before her; it is conceivable that she may choose to lead Danubia against Soviet Russia. For all these possibilities there is evidence in *Mein Kampf*, and elsewhere. What is least likely is that she should turn on the West. Always provided that we are on friendly terms with Italy, there is no necessary conflict between our imperial interests and a German hegemony in Danubia.

It goes without saying that there are awkward corners still to be rounded. It must be presumed that the policy of appeasement implies the view that it is not necessarily immoral to talk colonies with Germany. When, two decades back, the Labour Party (and many other bodies and individuals) protested that Germany ought not to be stripped of her colonies, it was on the assumption, it is true, that Germany was a democracy and would desire permanent peace. And so now we could not be expected to talk colonies with a power which intended to use colonies as instruments of aggression. But here, once more, it would be well to remember the German Naval Treaty, until there is evidence that Herr Hitler did not then mean what he said.

And provided that it was not we alone who negotiated with Germany, provided that any settlement included disarmament *and a code for the treatment of native peoples*, and provided that we were not asked to negotiate while a pistol was pointed at our heads, there seems every reason why we should be prepared to play our part in revising the settlement of Versailles.

Perhaps, in the long perspective of history, the most influential new forces which emerged from the episode of Munich, will appear to be the horrified aversion of *all* peoples from the prospects of modern warfare on the grand scale. It was a German Professor who told me of his strange emotion of surprise when, in a Berlin cinema during the crisis, he saw a picture of the Fuehrer received in silence, and one of Mr. Chamberlain with loud applause. With this profound psychological factor all governments will henceforth have to reckon, and on this Mr. Chamberlain, and other apostles of peace, can build. For a moment, on the morrow of Munich, it seemed as if all Europe had reached a new moral level in its attitude to war. It is important to realize what incalculable harm can be done by the gloomy warmongering of the various Oppositions. The German people, it is clear, regarded Mr. Chamberlain's policy at Munich as founded on friendliness and courage. They have been astonished to hear Opposition politician after politician reiterating that in fact it sprang solely from weakness and cowardice. If it is really true, they argue, that Britain is now re-arming (as the Oppositions insist) because, though too weak to risk a preventive war last September, she is determined, with Mr. Greenwood, to " destroy " the dictatorships sooner or later, then what becomes of appeasement ? British determination to be strong enough to negotiate on equal terms, Germans can understand ; but a proclaimed resolve to be strong enough to crush Germany next time is a very different affair. And just now the speeches of Opposition leaders are examined with the closest attention, and given as much prominence as Mr. Chamberlain's own pronouncements, in the German Press. The responsibility on Mr. Chamberlain's critics is prodigious. They show no sign whatever of being conscious of it.

Nevertheless, this universal horror of war is the foundation on which Mr. Chamberlain must build. He builds against persistent

obstruction not only from the domestic savagery of the Nazi *régime*, but from Labour, Liberal and Churchillian warmongers. But as each new step towards stability is taken it will become harder for the critics to complain, and more likely that Nazi rule will abandon its excesses—the armed outlaw is always more brutal than the peaceful citizen. Critics may deride the Anglo-Italian pact as a defeat, but the plain man will be likely to reflect that, if it is a defeat to acquire a new friend he is prepared for an unlimited number of such defeats. And the *quondam* Peace Parties cannot, without self-stultification, continue indefinitely to protest to heaven as each new step is taken towards peace. And if Mr. Chamberlain succeeds in launching a process of disarmament—and I imagine that he would be willing that the success of his policy should be tested by its effects upon the armament race—and if the consequent economies begin to release funds for further social development, not only will it become still harder for the enemies of appeasement to protest, but democracy itself will gradually and insensibly resume the intellectual initiative. For though during an armaments race it may be at some disadvantage as compared with a totalitarian State, in times of growing prosperity, or of assured peace, democratic principles come into their own. If Mr. Chamberlain can act quickly, we may yet see within the next year or so the decay of Opposition. If he can act quickly, we may yet see the beginnings of a new League, shorn, maybe, of the impracticable clauses of its Covenant, but for the first time comprehensive. And, above all, we may see a humane Germany and the opening of a new era of assured peace.

"TOP DOG" DIPLOMACY

By C. Delisle Burns

THE practice of diplomacy is largely a matter of getting together. But who gets together and why? There is some doubt about "why"; but there is no doubt at all about who get together. They are the "top dogs". It is amusing to see top dogs wagging their tails when they meet at a dinner-party or in a fashionable drawing room. The getting together of the diplomatic corps, or select portions of it, in the best society in any capital, makes its members feel that they are at the top. But a week-end at a political country house is positively entrancing. And in the Nazi world a hunting party is in the best new style of diplomacy, among the tribal forests east of the Rhine.

In the hands of *these* people are our fates. Peace and war may depend upon their manners and customs, their likes and dislikes. And the great majority of those outside the magic circle of diplomatic society are hardly aware how little the top dogs know about anything of importance to common folk, either in their own countries, or in those in which they "lie abroad". Conversations and even negotiations occur in diplomacy between the men who are entirely ignorant about industry, commerce or finance, and sublimely unaware of the character of political movements even in their own countries. Visits and even meals within the diplomatic circle in Washington, Paris and Berlin and London have provided the evidence upon which some of what follows is dependent. But obviously detailed descriptions would be unfair to former hosts; and indeed most of the evidence for the practice of diplomacy to-day is public property in published documents.

Lord Baldwin has told us, in a speech in the House of Lords (Oct. 4th), that the Nazi and Fascist Dictators have scrapped the machinery of diplomacy, and that for five years it has been

difficult to get at them. Mr. Chamberlain has taken a bold course in amateur diplomacy; and the success of his first venture in postponing war must earn him the gratitude of all. But his policy does not concern us here. It is the method which is interesting. The amateur diplomatist gets together with a foreign ruler, without any knowledge of foreign languages or foreign countries, and he appears quite sincerely to believe that no special training is necessary for the job. The result, by his own confession in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches in the House of Commons, is a series of surprises. Mr. Chamberlain is first "surprised" at Berchtesgaden that Hitler is willing to risk a European war in order to destroy the Government of a neighbouring State which he regards as objectionable. This apparently surprised Mr. Chamberlain, although many students of foreign affairs could have told him what to expect. However he returns to Herr Hitler at Godesberg and succeeds in surprising him; for Hitler clearly never imagined that he would be granted by Great Britain and France more than he had ever expected to get by threats of armed force. And so he proceeds to surprise Mr. Chamberlain once more. He raises his terms; and again no student of foreign affairs would have been surprised. But the amateur in diplomacy, who held a responsible position, had been preceded in getting together with Hitler by a succession of amateurs without responsibility, who represented nothing but their own happiness at being in the swim. A succession of minor Lords with no political influence in England, and a few hangers-on of the German Foreign Minister, had been persuading Herr Hitler for years that the British Government, even if it seemed to threaten, need not be taken at its word. Hitler and his immediate entourage have been for years in continuous contact with visitors from England who admired the Nazi *régime* and were taken to represent the views of the top dogs in England.

But amateur diplomacy has already had a long history. Colonel House was one of its first failures. And there have been a succession of "visitors abroad" who copy the journalists in interviewing Dictators and telling them what to believe about the countries they come from. Sometimes the amateur is a lady, and lives abroad. And the results upon professional

diplomacy, and indeed upon the relation between the Governments of the countries concerned, are sufficiently alarming. In the dealings of the British Government with certain minor States in the East and near-East, British officials have been known to explain to the puzzled foreigner that, when a British Government had decided upon a new policy, it really did not mean what it said. And in foreign affairs the amateur diplomatist, in his efforts at getting together with the Great, has done more harm than good.

An even more interesting amateur top dog was Lord Runciman To the astonishment of official circles in Prague, he arrived at the Station with a *nombre extraordinaire d'engins de chasse et de pêche—collection de foils, de carabines, cannes à pêche, filets* (*L'Europe nouvelle.* August 13th, 1938); and proceeded to seek refuge (the French say "*s'est précipité*") in week-ends at the country-houses of the rich. Benes, we must remember, was only the son of a peasant; and Runciman—well! anyway, he is a rich English Lord. It is not yet possible to say whether the Runciman Mission was intended as a joke. There have been similar jokes in High Politics—*e.g.*, the "homes for heroes" and the Ministry of Reconstruction under Lloyd George. But did anyone not an amateur imagine that the difficulty in Czechoslovakia ever lay *within* her frontiers? Lord Runciman, if he had not been an amateur, would have gone to a hunting-party nearer Berlin. But he and Mr. Chamberlain are the very best types of the "business men", who, during the Great War, came into Government Departments and quite honestly thought they could do the job without any training.

Add to this the situation so admirably described by Mr. Crossman in his article, "Sahibs at Sea" in THE FORTNIGHTLY last May. Mr. Chamberlain and other amateurs, making friends with Fascist and Nazi dictators, are in the position of Hugenberg and von Papen in 1932. "The ruling classes," as Mr. Crossman said, "assume that Revolution can only be Red". And again "the British Government pays what blackmail extorts and honestly believes that it is negotiating a deal". We are beginning to see the disastrous consequences of the amateur diplomacy of top dogs who know nothing of history and cannot see further than next week. But there is an

excuse for amateurs. The professional diplomatists, in general, are completely futile in the present international situation.

When General Bernadotte, commanding the armies of Italy under the French Republic, was sent as Ambassador to the Court of Vienna in 1798, his appointment created some stir in Viennese society. But the French Republic was soon destroyed by the Corsican egoist who made himself Emperor; and diplomacy returned to the manners and customs of the eighteenth century. Now, once again, social revolutions have occurred, not only in Russia, but in Germany and Italy. For some time after the first ambassadors of Soviet Russia appeared at European capitals, they were ostracized by the rest of the diplomatic corps. The traditional diplomatist regards himself as a gentleman who may be a judge of horses, or pictures, or verse, but has no contact with the "human cattle" who are manual workers; and the Soviet ambassadors and agents were actually acquainted with members of the "lower orders"! It was amusing to compare an "at home" at the Soviet Embassy in London with one at the French Embassy, where the top dogs survived even under republican symbols. But a new complication arose in professional diplomacy when the Italian and German Dictatorships sent their typical agents to shoulder their way into the select circle. They behaved like barbarian chieftains at the courts of the Emperors of the late Roman Empire, and were quite honestly welcomed into the old set as possible protectors of property against the Reds! Like their lords and masters, the Dictators, the agents of Fascist and Nazi ambitions aimed at getting together with the top dogs in drawing-rooms and country houses. It was a repetition of what happened in the days when the Roman Empire collapsed under the assaults of its protectors, the barbarian Kings. For a time a man with the money-bags can hire a man with a gun; but not for long. The man with the gun will sooner or later take control of the whole of the money of which he has been given only a share. The Roman Empire deserved to perish. And a "top dog" civilization which seeks protection by friendship with the barbarians will also deserve what it gets. Meantime, the professional diplomatist goes on as if nothing had happened. He has the advantage of the amateur, because

he is trained to speak in the more cultured accents of foreign tongues. But it must be remembered that a man may speak several languages and yet have nothing of importance to say in any of them. The language of professional diplomatists is usually the tongue of the superior person, the dilettante, the man of taste in furniture or letters. His manners and customs are those of a small, exclusive clique. And no doubt he can learn from such books as Sir Ernest Salow's *Guide to Diplomatic Practice* how to draft letters, and how to seat people at a dinner-table. The same authority states that the young diplomatist should be good-looking; but no reference is made to the need for anything inside his head. The result is to be seen in the innumerable memoirs of retired diplomatists who tell us about dear Lady Snooks and how good the fishing was; but seem to be completely unaware of what they were doing in their posts abroad, or what possible reason there could be for the waste of public money which their entertainments involved. It must not be supposed, however, that the British diplomat is the only survival of the eighteenth century in a world of radio and aeroplanes. The French have been cursed by what they call *culture générale*. Poetry, and clever stories and even historical studies have been produced by French diplomatists, as well as the banalities in the memoirs of M. Paléologue. But the tradition of eighteenth-century good taste has not been sufficient to produce a policy which is relevant to the modern world. The American diplomatist in the State Department, and those diplomatists who have come out of it and not out of business careers, are more nearly like professors than *littérateurs* of the old *régime*. The diplomatists of the short-lived German Republic were suitably mixed; but the Republic was never more than a façade, behind which the Germany of forest tribalism could revive after a defeat. And now we make friends with the barbarians, in country-houses and on shooting estates, exactly as wealthy Romans did just before the collapse of their social system, on estates near the Rhine and in Gaul.

The wives of diplomatists are essential to top-dog diplomacy. They keep the circle select. An affection for presentable attachés or an occasional outburst of religious prejudice, generally Roman Catholic in the British foreign service—these things do

not disturb the atmosphere of snobbery. The rest of the world consists of servants and "people of that class". To the small democratic States, the diplomatists and their wives behave as "the County" behaves to the local tradesmen in the English countryside. And a carefully cultivated "superior" air makes it quite impossible for the social and political atmosphere of a democracy to penetrate into the diplomatist's despatches. To quote again a foreign observer of recent results of this method :

> "les ministres d'Angleterre qui se sont succédé à Prague ont passé le plus clair de leur temps dans les châteaux de la Bohême et, pour juger les événements, ont toujours emprunté les plunettes des leurs hôtes". (*L'Europe Nouvelle*, August 13th).

And it is upon such evidence that Lord Runciman reported that there was no hope of retaining the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia, although the majority of its inhabitants were manual workers in the mines or glass-works, whom no diplomatist would condescend to meet as equal!

But it is not a question of persons. It is the system itself which is at fault. And it is at fault because it is maintaining the assumptions of an obsolete state of society in a world in which new forces are at work. As Professor Laski has said, a slow change has taken place since Bright correctly called the Foreign Office "the outdoor relief department of the British Aristocracy". No doubt the tradition of Etonians' and the best Roman Catholic families has been a little contaminated by the entry into the foreign services of imitation Etonians. But the tests of competence for admission to the service and promotion in it, are still the obsolete tests suitable for the selection of eighteenth-century gentlemen—and these tests are defective in the modern world, not merely, as Professor Laski argues, because a Socialist Government could not expect its policy to be understood by men confined within the "narrow class-horizon" of officers and gentlemen, as we have seen in our recent relations with Spain ; but also because men so trained are incompetent to understand modern political movements. The Calpe Hunt counted for more than the Trade Union Movement in Spain. We still pretend in England that ambassadors are sent to the Court of St. James', but everyone knows that the Court has nothing to do with it, and that ambassadors really act one side or the other of Downing Street. But our own

diplomats abroad are still living in the atmosphere of the eighteenth-century Courts; and where they cannot find it, they create an entirely unreal world of their own from which they send their "information" to the Foreign Office. Some years ago a certain government department required information on labour organizations abroad, and received, through the Foreign Office, from one of its ambassadors, the abrupt statement that there were no such organizations in the country in which he resided, although everyone living outside the world of that ambassador knew of facts which gave him the lie. Obviously the assumptions of "top dog" diplomatists are that the majority do not count; that "we" know best what is good for them; that they can be trusted to do what we tell them, and that they would not understand, if "we" tried to explain to them. Diplomacy based upon these assumptions is obviously only a part of a social system which does actually exist in England, which is strongly anti-democratic in the control of public policy by the rich. But this social system is under the weather in France and America, and in spite of the Marxists' theory of Fascism, it has disappeared under all Dictatorships. The forces which make the modern world are hardly perceptible to an upper class which retains the assumptions of culture in a slave civilization. And even a Conservative government in England may find its information misleading, if it continues to rely upon men who can breathe only in the atmosphere of a drawing-room or a country house.

The great changes in the alignment of political forces in recent times have been due, partly, to the new technology which has given to those who are not rich, not only the possibilities of a new kind of education, but also an awareness of a larger world through the cinema and the radio. The recent operation of a widespread desire for peace during the crisis concerning Czechoslovakia, and the earlier revulsion of feeling at the Hoare-Laval proposals, are signs of what is happening outside the select circles in which diplomatists meet. But the desire for peace and the revulsion from predatory aggression exists in Italy and Germany as well as in England and France. Unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlain was not able to use that force within the Dictators' jurisdiction against the policy which he was driven

to accept, and it is quite likely that the opinions and feelings of common folk living under Hitler's tyranny never reach the ears of the diplomatists.

Again, the situation has changed because millions of manual workers in all the so-called democratic countries are in close contact with their fellows abroad, and very often the leaders of Trade Unions and of Socialist parties know more about the situation in foreign countries than is known to the diplomatists who reside there.

In any case it is ridiculous in our times to suppose that we shall find the experts in international affairs only within the foreign services. It is impossible therefore to maintain the pretence that the top dogs know all about it and that common folk must leave it to them. And again, the State itself, of which the foreign services are but the instrument, is not what it was when the present diplomatic tradition was established. A modern State is not merely the police authority for keeping the poor submissive and maintaining the privileges of the rich. In all modern States, including the Dictatorships, the State is a public service and provides opportunities for the improvement of life among all and sundry. But what diplomatist knows anything about the health services, or the educational system, or even the system of transport and communication within his own country? It would be too much to ask a dilettante of the arts and literature whether he has ever met a railwayman or a coal-miner or a textile-worker. But, some day or other, it will be brought home to the drawing-rooms that the streets and the shops have opinions of their own, and will not provide only cheering crowds for whatever the top dogs decide. Finally, some day, it may be discovered by the diplomatists that no State is a complete governmental system within its own frontiers—that every State, in fact, is only a part of a State-system. The attempt of Hitler and Mussolini to produce autarchy, each for himself, and both against all others, is simply a reaction to primitive forms of the State. But even in democratic countries those in control of our diplomacy do not yet seem to have grasped that the modern State cannot exist at all unless as part of a permanent system of co-operation with other States. Indeed, the weakness of the democracies, faced by bellicose dictators, is that their

Governments cannot, or will not, maintain intact their efforts at co-operation for peace. At the first sign of danger each flies away to hide in his own corner. And a policy of co-operation for the common interest in peace and defence against aggression cannot survive, if every " surprise " splits the State-system into separate atoms. It is perhaps too much to expect that the members of the foreign services should ever ask themselves *why* they act as they do. No doubt they are all working for peace ; but as their conceptions of peace are as obsolete as the manner and customs they cultivate, they cannot see the modern world as it is, nor correctly envisage their own position in it. This incompetence and aloofness in the traditional diplomatic services are surely among the chief obstacles to a real peace under modern conditions.

GLASS—*A Story*

By Dwight L. Bolinger

STEVIE feared he was going out of his mind. It was three weeks ago, when he called at Mr. Willson's to collect for the *Journal*. Nobody answered the front door-bell, so he went around back. There were two painters on ladders swabbing at the side of the house. Nobody came to the back door, either, and as Stevie passed the side of the house again he accidentally kicked over the drinking-glass that those painters were using, on the hard sidewalk underneath the faucet. He was afraid it would seem foolish to pick it up and see whether it were chipped or cracked, so he went on, while one of the painters said, " Better luck next time, kid ".

A hundred times he'd put it squarely to himself : there was nothing to worry about ; but it kept preying on his mind. What if one of the painters drank from the glass, and swallowed a sliver and died ? Stevie had read of the horrible deaths from ground glass in people's vitals, and watched the *Journal* for a week in dread of finding some notice of death from that cause.

But no obituary appeared, and Worry picked up its goad and went out the door. Presently it was back at all the windows—a vague, unrestful genie that plagued him at all hours of the day. Did he pass a brick lying in the middle of the street ?—the genie was there to prod him, and whisper he'd better get off his bike and push the brick over to the curb : somebody might trip there and kill himself. Did he see a cinder on the railroad track ?—the genie pointed at it and made him kick it off : it might derail a train. But more than all else it was shy of glass, and squirmed around inside Stevie whenever he thought of it. Stevie wiped the dishes at home, and after each goblet he carefully shook out the tea-towel, lest a particle break off from the rim and stick inside the next one. Just the sight of a piece of cracked glass near a dish of food was enough to throw him

into panic. Stevie tried to reason it out, but the more he thought his ills away the stronger they grew—if he could only find where the crazy idea started maybe he could shake it off; but that eluded him.

Stevie's father often remarked about carefree boyhood. Boys had no responsibilities, nothing to weigh on their minds. Stevie wondered if as people grew older the loads on their minds were heaped up higher than his; but he couldn't see how that could ever be. He knew that his conscience was already so heavy that if it bore down on him any more he couldn't go on living. But maybe older people's troubles weren't worse than his; maybe he wasn't like other boys—Stevie never could quite solve the riddle of why *he* was *he*; maybe he was losing his mind.

Saturday was Stevie's busiest day. He had to finish his collecting by four o'clock, since the *Journal's* home edition was off the press at four-thirty, and the job of distributing the week's heaviest number began—there was no Sunday edition—and lasted until around seven, unless somebody happened to mislay his paper or have it stolen, and 'phoned in to complain that Stevie hadn't delivered it—when that happened he had to go back and buy another copy or two and deliver them. Mrs. Welsey did that two Saturdays together, and next week Stevie rode down the street a way, and left his bike and slipped back; old Mr. Welsey, her father-in-law, was just stepping off the porch with something white under his coat, heading for Kelly's Recreation Parlor. Stevie didn't say anything, for he knew that Mrs. Welsey would make him out a liar; he just left another paper and went on.

Stevie always began his collections at Schuster's Market. Mr. Schuster lived above his store; Stevie had to wait a few minutes, generally, until Mr. Schuster finished waiting on a customer, before he could get his pay. This time he stood leaning against the counter, swinging on his heels, while Mr. Schuster eyed the scales and cautiously sifted sugar from a scoop. There was a row of bins with glass fronts under the counter behind Stevie, and he rested his hands behind him on one of them, watching a long truck loaded with new cars pass by in front of the store. He leaned a little heavily against the glass and felt it give. For a moment the thought hovered

absently in the back of his head, and then drove in and hit him. Stevie felt sick at his stomach. He turned around and stooped to look at the glass. It was a coffee bin, and the coffee beans pressed against the glass like a row of creased little faces on a playground. The glass was slightly cracked around the edges. Stevie wondered if he had done that. Mr. Schuster was taking some money out of the till and Stevie felt an impulse to ask him if the glass had been cracked before, but he choked it back; Mr. Schuster might think he was crazy, too, and Stevie was too much afraid of that already. Anyway, since it was coffee if any glass did get into somebody's percolator it would probably settle to the bottom and not do any hurt—Stevie thought this to reassure himself, but he knew he would keep right on worrying just the same. He took his pay from Mr. Schuster, punched the subscription card, and walked out to his bike. He pedalled on down the street.

The a new thought struck him. What did people do with whole coffee beans? They ground them up. If a piece of glass went into the mill it would be ground up, too, and come out ground glass. Maybe ground glass didn't settle when you put it in coffee. Maybe it floated like a—like a suspension—Stevie had learned in his chemistry class how some things do that. He rode past a coal truck, barely missing it, and the driver yelled at him.

At Mrs. MacKenzie's he took more change than was due him, but was too deep in affliction to go back and make it right. He wondered how a person feels when he kills himself; he knew he would never kill himself, but it was just sort of comforting to think about it.

Stevie was first at the counter under the chute that spouted newsprint every afternoon. When the first copy issued from the floor above, he seized and tore through it feverishly. There were only two casualties on the front page, both from automobile accidents. On page three Stevie received a jolt. The headline read, "Henry Ward Dies", and he had to read to the last paragraph before he found that it was from a heart attack. He scanned the obituaries, hardly able to breathe; they were not enlightening. The other boys were crowding behind him, and he left the room with the roaring presses on the floor above

beating at his eardrums in some fearful accusation, and stepped out into the sunlight. Old Mr. Conkley was already at the curb, stooping over his cane and quavering, " Evening edition, *Journal*, evening edition, *Journal* ".

Stevie went over to him and asked, " Mr. Conkley, how long before the paper comes down can a new item be put in it ? "

Mr. Conkley mumbled to himself, and presently said, " Oh, about forty-five minutes, I reckon, sonny. Why you want to know ? "

" I just wondered ", Stevie replied, and took his bike and left. If anybody did drink the glass it would probably take a while for him to die. How long did it take ground glass to kill a man ? He wondered if the other boys had noticed how guilty he looked. Maybe they felt guilty, too, sometimes, but just didn't talk about it. He wished he had somebody he could confess to. When he was a little boy and did something wrong all he had to do was tell his father and then everything was all right again, even if he had to be punished, which wasn't half so bad as feeling such an awful sinner. But people would think this was too terrible a crime ; and if they didn't, they'd know he was crazy.

The papers were delivered somehow, and Stevie rode homeward over the Eighth Street Viaduct. The road alongside the *K. and I.* tracks was much closer, but he always avoided it now ; it was too easy to see something that looked dangerous near the rails. Half-way across the viaduct he sighted a spike in the middle of the roadway ; he dismounted, cast a furtive look around, and covertly kicked the offender off the span—then looked anxiously down to the tracks below ; they were far to one side, out of harm's way. Stevie sighed with relief and resumed his journey. His conscience rested for a while.

They had baked beans and Swiss steak for supper ; those were two of Stevie's favourites, and ordinarily he devoured enough to satisfy a crew of sawyers ; now he munched abstractedly at a few mouthfuls, and left the table.

" What's the matter ? You sick or something ? " his mother called after him.

He muttered something about having to study, and went upstairs.

" Probably he's beheld some fair face that's making him suffer ", said Stevie's father.

It was dark in his room, and he could reflect. He lay on his back, digesting his misery. What ever gave people the notion that when you grew up you had to bear your troubles bravely? He had read how Charlemagne and the Cid wept. Weren't they grown men, and heroes, too? Stevie used to think his father was as great a hero as Cæsar, for his father never cried at anything. But he remembered how much better he used to feel after he had cried; and then his father and others called him a cry-baby if he shed a tear, and he began to be afraid to cry, and stayed dry-eyed like a brave man. He wished he could cry now, but the tears just stayed down there inside him, and made him hurt all over.

Next morning Stevie stole out of bed at seven o'clock and went down to the corner and bought a copy of the *Sun*, the *Journal's* only rival. He took it back to his room and laid it on his bed to hunt for the obituaries. Only pancakes and syrup, or waffles, ever used to keep him from the comics; there they were in all their gaudy magnificence, and he didn't even see them. He looked on page three, where the *Journal* put its death notices, but they weren't there; so he started on the first page. Nothing. The second was equally reassuring. The Damoclean sword fell on page four:

J. J. BARBOUR CRITICALLY ILL
Prominent Realtor Suffers
Mysterious Attack

The Hon. J. J. Barbour, alderman of the Fifth ward and well-known realtor of this city became suddenly ill last evening at the home of his sister, Mrs. Irene Treator. Drs. Fortescue and Redmon, the family physicians, were immediately summoned to handle the case, but were unable to pronounce a diagnosis, and after a consultation with other physicians stated the illness to be an acute intestinal hemorrhage, but were unable to determine the real cause. Chances of recovery, they stated, are slight.

"Get ready for Sunday-school", Stevie's mother called from her room. "I'll have breakfast ready in a minute".

And several minutes later, "Stevie! Stephen Clenahan! Are you up? Hurry and get ready".

"All right, Mom", he said mechanically, and let himself be urged without a protest. He put on his good clothes in a kind of trance, went downstairs and tried to make a show of appetite, and was off to the street car; his mother wouldn't let him ride his bike to Sunday-school, for fear he'd get his trousers dirty.

He thumbed the dime in his pocket, wondering if it wouldn't be pretty darn nice to be a heathen Chinee ; they told him his dime would keep one of those fellows alive for three days, and they couldn't have much to worry about, except maybe rice.

The coin box on the tram had a cracked glass cage ; Stevie dropped his token in gently. Would somebody some day invent transparent rubber ? Or had it already been invented, and was it too expensive to use ? He sat down beside a cracked window and tried to look the other way, at the advertisements beneath the ventilators, at a funny little old lady across the aisle who sat rubbing her nose and mouthing silently to herself from the lesson-book on her lap. Stevie wasn't sure whether he believed in God ; the doubt just floated in the back of his mind : he held off from admitting it, even to himself, for fear of offending something—what, he couldn't have told you—maybe afraid that God would be offended if He found out that Stevie didn't believe in Him. Still, he kept on going to Sunday-school. A wild thought crossed his mind. What if he didn't go to Sunday-school, but stayed on the car and rode down to the *Journal* office to settle the question about Mr. Barbour ? He was still debating when the car passed the church ; then it was too late to walk back and be there on time.

The side entrance was open. A negro porter was sweeping the hall, and everything was quiet. Someone had broken an electric lamp and the fragments were among the sweepings ; Stevie stepped wide against the wall. A man was descending the marble stairs ; it was Don McClain, the city editor—Stevie knew him by sight. As he passed Stevie said, " Mr. McCalin ", but so faintly that he scarcely heard it himself. The man turned, as if wondering what a boy could be doing there on Sunday ; but Stevie felt his knees giving way, and pretended to examine the directory. McClain went on. Stevie felt as he once did when he had screwed up courage to call Henrietta for a date, and then she wasn't at home.

" Somethin' you wanted ? " the porter asked. Stevie fled.

In the Sugar Loaf Candy Kitchen he 'phoned the *Journal's* information desk and asked about J. J. Barbour.

" I'm sorry, madam ; we've not heard since last night ", the man said.

Next morning he had to be reminded in two classes to pay closer attention. He had chem. lab. in the afternoon until three o'clock. His table-mate looked queerly at him when he handled the test-tubes as if they were burnt offerings; then he pretended to be very rough with them, and even forgot to pick his way carefully down the aisle, lest he brush against a gas jet and blow up the place, or at least asphyxiate somebody.

He told himself he must not look at his copy of the *Journal* until all the others were delivered. It was just as much a matter of conscience for him to deliver his papers right as to make sure about Mr. Barbour, he argued. It was already dark when the last paper was delivered. He had to take his copy to a street lamp to read it. He glanced through it, but found nothing. As he folded it again there the thing was—headlines that had been too big and bold for him to see them. He ran away to the sheltering dark, and whimpered, " Please, God, I didn't mean to do anything, honest I didn't ", and repeated it again and again. He mounted his bicycle and began to ride, and rode and rode, he didn't know where, with blackness around and before him. The headlines kept battering at his consciousness—Barbour Passes on—Barbour Passes On; he hadn't read the rest of it; he didn't have to. There was the retribution the preacher talked about. Man is born a sinner, and lives in sin, and goes to hell and is damned, damned, damned. The wind blew in his face and cleared his head a little. He must go to Don McClain and confess his crime. The lights were crowding about him now; he was on Henry Street, and the *Journal* building was a block away. He rode there, parked his bicycle in the newsboys' rack, and climbed the marble staircase like an automaton.

" Where's Mr. McClain's desk? " he inquired, absently, of a man entrenched behind a typewriter and a clutter of papers.

" Over there ", pointed a grimy thumb.

He espied McClain, cigar in mouth, talking earnestly and wagging his pencil at two gentlemen who leaned against his desk. Stevie held back, but when several persons passed and looked inquiringly at him, he moved forward to within a pace or two of McClain. There was a lull in the conversation, and the editor looked at him.

" Anything I can do for you, son? " he said, not unkindly.

" I-I'm sorry to bother you ", Stevie replied, in a far-away voice ; then blurted, " I broke the glass Saturday in Schuster's Market ".

" Say it again. I couldn't hear you ".

" I broke the glass in Schuster's Market ".

" You *what* ? "

" I only leaned against a bin. It must have cracked when I pushed on it, and . . . "

" Just a minute. I can't quite make out what this is all about, and if you'll come back in the morning I'll not be so busy and we can talk it over ".

Stevie's soul was heavy within him. It wanted to drop clean out of him, and leave him deflated inside with no conscience and nothing to think about, like an animal ; but first he must tell what he had done, must tell what he had done.

" It's what happened to Mr. Barbour. I did that ".

McClain looked amazed. His two companions eyed each other curiously.

" All right, son ; come into my private office with me. I'll be back shortly ", he said to the others.

" Aw, let us in on this, Don ", one of them pleaded.

" Sorry. I think this is for the patient and me. I'll tell you later ".

It was quieter inside the partition, and a secretary was working at her desk. She looked up as they entered and smiled at Stevie, and he couldn't help feeling warmed by that smile or noticing that she was dark and beautiful, though a little old—twenty-eight or nine, anyway. She started to rise, and McClain said, " Stay, Miss Evertson ; this young man and I are going to have a chat ; maybe you can help ".

He motioned Stevie into a chair in front of the long desk, considerably more neatly tended than the one outside, himself sat down behind it, appeared to reflect a moment, took a cigar from his pocket and tapped it on the table, and said, without looking up, " Now suppose you begin at the beginning and tell us the whole story. There's some connexion, apparently, between some glass you broke and the death of John Barbour, or so you say. If it was an accident, I don't think you need have any hesitation in telling us all about it. But first I'd like to know who you are and what you do and so on ".

" My name is Stephen Clenahan. I live on East Murray Street and I'm a junior in Roosevelt High. Evenings I carry the *Journal* ; that's why I came here, I guess ".

Miss Evertson looked understandingly at Stevie, and he began to relax a bit. " How is your work at school ? " she asked. " You like it, and make pretty good grades ? "

" Oh, yes ; I like school all right. My grades last semester were above ninety, all except one. That was Latin. I like-like chemistry better, or used to before I got scared of breaking test-tubes ". He examined their faces for signs of incredulity, but discovering none, went on.

" It was an accident ", he said huskily. " I was just leaning against the coffee-bin in Schuster's Market and it broke, and afterwards I read about Mr. Barbour's being sick, and I was afraid I had done it, and then I read he had died, and I couldn't stand it any more ".

" But what possible reason would lead you to think that you . . . ? " McClain began, but was stopped by a glance from Miss Evertson.

" You just knew when he died that that had to be the reason, didn't you, Stevie ? " she said.

" Yes ", he half-sobbed, gratefully.

" I remember when I was a little girl about fourteen my sister caught the measles, and I'd been playing with a friend of mine who had them and thought I'd given them to her ; I worried myself half sick ; and then she got well and I forgot about it ".

" Come to think of it, when I was sixteen . . .", said McClain, then looked frightened and hastily said, " there seems to be one way out of it—the same as Miss Evertson says ".

" Mr. Barbour won't get well ", whispered Stevie.

" But such a crazy freak . . . Well, we can call the attending physician and find out whether—and find out for sure that that wasn't the cause." He pushed a buzzer and presently an office boy opened the door.

" Art, find out the name of John Barbour's doctor and get him on the 'phone for me ".

Stevie sat as if in judgment. Miss Evertson rose, came over and stood beside him, laying her hand on his arm.

The telephone rang.

" Hello, hello. Oh, yes; Dr. Cummings. This is Don McClain of the *Journal*. Can you give me a list of the possible causes of Barbour's death? . . . No. . . . Well, then tell me "—with a guilty look in Miss Evertson's direction—" whether glass could have had anything to do with it. . . . Yes, glass—inside—a cut. . . . H'm. Thanks, Doctor. . . . Never mind why. I'm just collecting information.

" Now to make doubly sure ", he said with the appearance of confidence, " we'll get in touch with Schuster's Market ".

" Nobody's there now ", said Stevie. " Mr. Schuster doesn't keep it open very late on Saturday night ".

" Then call Mr. Schuster himself ", said Miss Evertson. " He'll surely know if Barbour was on his list of customers ".

McClain thumbed the director and called the number. He was a little tense himself, though he tried to hide it.

" Hello, Mr. Schuster? Don McClain of the *Journal*. I've just been advised that John Barbour was a customer of yours, and I wanted to find out for certain. . . . Yes, that's the Barbour. . . . No, no! Nothing of the kind, Mr. Schuster; there's no implication at all, and as for that question, it's already been settled. We just—that is— " McClain's face went a deeper red—" a number of his business associates are inserting a card in memoriam, and I thought you might be interested. . . . Of course not. . . . Thank you. Well, " he hung up and turned slowly to Stevie, getting back some of his natural colour, " there you are, lad. He never traded at Schuster's in his life—the old fellow is quite emphatic about that. So I guess your coffee didn't turn out to be so deadly after all ".

" Don't you think you've been exaggerating a little, Stevie? " Miss Evertson asked. " I often used to wonder what any person would ever be able to do if he had to calculate beforehand whether it would hurt somebody else, and I always had to forget it—or, I mean, I would think to myself that if I didn't do it, that might hurt somebody, too. But the worst thing of all, with those funny ideas I used to get, was not having anybody to tell them to, and being afraid that other people would think I was queer. Is that the way you've felt sometimes? " she looked at Stevie closely.

" Yes, I guess it is ", he said.

" So I think you can feel you're lucky now that that's over, and you and we know that no harm's done ".

" I'll tell you Stevie ", said McClain, " something I don't think I've ever mentioned to anyone. I had a crazy notion, too, when I was about sixteen or seventeen. I-I was obsessed with the idea of killing my father, and went around feeling as guilty as if I actually had murdered someone ".

Stevie looked up in friendly comprehension.

" There ", said McClain, " I feel better myself now that we've got together and that old blot on my conscience is out ".

" I don't know as I can thank you enough ". Stevie rose feeling somehow as if his mind and body had been put together again.

" Don't try ", said Miss Evertson, taking him to the door.

" What a pity, what a pity! " said McClain, after Stevie had left.

" What's a pity ? "

" You can't print that ".

Stevie went down to the street and waited for the West Main car. There was a broken pop bottle a few inches out from the curb. He deliberately turned his back on it.

" Come on, West Main ", he growled. And after a minute muttered to himself, " Give you till I count ten. If you don't come then I'll blow up the car barns. One, two ", very slowly, " three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Boom! Give you till I count five. Then I'll blow up the North Euclid tracks. One, two, three, four, five, Boom! " The appearance of the car put an end to this destruction. Stevie mounted, discovered the dime that yesterday was to have succoured the starving Chinee, and dropped it in the coin box. Not until he was almost home did he remember his bicycle.

TURKEY LOOKS FORWARD

By H. M. Nahmad

WITH the death, last month, of Kemal Atatürk, Dictator, President and creator of the Turkish Republic, the world lost one of the most outstanding statesmen and rulers thrown up by the post-war era. Kemal Atatürk stood in a class by himself and was unique in almost every respect. He was, perhaps, not so much a dictator as a guide ; a soldier by profession, upbringing and inclination, he yet contrived to make himself completely at home among the civilian element and after the setting up of Turkey as a republic he was never seen in public in uniform.

During the last year or two before his death there had been many rumours of his resignation from his position as head of the State in order to make way for new blood. It is recorded that he told a former British Ambassador that there were a thousand other Turks who could take his place ; on another occasion during an after-dinner speech he remarked that the new Turkish people would soon need no dictator ; for he believed implicitly in the capacity of the rising generation of young Turkish men and women to govern themselves according to the best traditions of democracy. Certainly surveying events of the past fifteen years since the creation of the Republic, there is much to support the late President's belief and faith in the future of his people.

Kemal Atatürk, or Mustafa Kemal, was born in 1880 in the squalid Turkish quarter of the Greek commercial town of Salonica ; heir to a corrupt and decaying Ottoman Empire, where political intrigue, plotting and counter-plotting and bribery ruled with undisputed sway. His early youth was passed in an atmosphere of grinding poverty. His father, Ali Riza, a quiet man without any deep beliefs or ambition, eked out a miserable existence for the family as a minor clerk in a Government office, his meagre salary often two and three months

in arrears. Kemal's mother, Zubeyda, was a strong-minded woman, simple and pious, of Albanian peasant stock. She wished her son to become a priest; her husband wanted to make him into a merchant. But like the Statesmen of Europe thirty years later they reckoned without his stubborn spirit and his determination to have everything his own way.

In the end his will prevailed and he entered the military cadet school. From that time he made rapid progress and his instructors predicted for him a promising future; they reported him a brilliant, though rebellious, pupil. In 1905, at the age of twenty-five, he was gazetted a lieutenant. It was at this period that his part in revolutionary activities brought him to the notice of the authorities in Istanbul. With other young officers he was running a secret society known as The Vatan, or Fatherland. The avowed aim of this society was the overthrowing of the *régime* of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, the purging of the country of all foreign influence and a programme of social reform; their slogan was a simple one: "Turkey for the Turks". When these young officers were not drilling or carrying out military exercises they were steeping themselves in French revolutionary literature and inbibing avidly the works of Rousseau, Voltaire, John Stuart Mill and Hobbes and others of a like radical nature which were proscribed by the Sultan's Government.

Meanwhile the "Sick Man" of Europe lived on, his death awaited eagerly by the Powers. The statesmen of Britain, France and Russia and the German and Austrian Empires wrangled and quarrelled among themselves over the sharing of the booty; each one suspicious of the other. On more than one occasion the Tsar had marched on to Constantinople and threatened the very existence of the decaying Empire, only to be warned off by the others. Only British backing and Austro-Russian rivalry kept the sick man alive and just occasionally kicking.

Abdul-Hamid—they called him Abdul the Damned—in his palace surrounded by spies and secret police craftily played off one against the other. He made friendly overtures to Germany, let her reorganize his army and build railways. But he could do no more than postpone the day of reckoning. The rumble of

revolution and discontent was already rocking the Ottoman Empire to its foundations. The revolutionary Committee of Union and Progress which was set up in Salonica was spreading the doctrine of revolt throughout the country. The authorities took desperate measures and Mustafa Kemal as leader of the Vatan was arrested and incarcerated in the dreaded Red Prison of Stamboul. He was, however, later released and posted off to a cavalry regiment in Damascus.

Although Kemal had taken a leading part in the revolutionary movements of his country and had acquitted himself honourably in the Turko-Italian War, he was virtually unknown by the mass of Turkish people. Among his fellow officers he had gained a reputation as a reliable and successful soldier, but thin-skinned and self-opinionated. It was only after his spectacular defeat of the Allies in the Dardanelles that he was acclaimed by the Turkish nation as a hero and saviour of the Fatherland.

After the war with the defeat on all fronts of the Central Powers, the Turks were left, shorn of their former mighty Empire and exhausted by their tremendous losses, at the mercy of the victorious Allies. Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Iraq (then Mesopotamia), the Arabian peninsular containing the two Holy Cities of Islam—all were for ever lost to Turkey ; not an inch of non-Turkish territory remained to her ; she lay bankrupt and defeated. In the midst of all this ruin Kemal set to work and gathered around him a small band of devoted followers all sworn to fight for the freedom of Turkey ; among them was a girl, Halidé Edib who fought as a corporal in the Turkish war of independence. Kemal, however, was not allowed to work in peace. His former comrades of the old Committee of Union and Progress gave him the cold shoulder, and jealous of his success in the War and growing popularity in Turkey, placed every obstacle in the path of his progress. The Sultan and the Allies regarded him with deep suspicion as a dangerous character ; yet they could take no direct action against him.

In 1919 he was sent by the Constantinople Government, with the approval of the Allies, to Anatolia in the interior to put down a revolt against the government.

Instead of crushing the revolt he assumed leadership over it. His influence in that region increased rapidly ; the Constantinople

authorities becoming alarmed, ordered his immediate return to the capital. He refused and was outlawed with a price on his head, whereupon he drew up the famous National Pact which formed the battle cry for the Turks for the next few years. He had abandoned all hope of recovering the Arab territories of the old Ottoman Empire ; his aim was simply Turkey for the Turks ; the Arabs could look after themselves.

The first Grand National Assembly met at Ankara in 1920, a month after the Allied forces had occupied Constantinople, and Kemal was elected President. He formed a regular army and drew up a military convention with Soviet Russia which supplied him in return with financial assistance and arms. The flames of Nationalist feeling were fanned by the infamous Treaty of Sèvres and by the renewed Greek advance in Asia Minor supported by the Allies. The stage was set for action.

In 1921 and 1922 things moved apace. The battle of Sakkaria (August-September, 1921) saw the end of Greek military successes. In the following year the Greeks fled from Asia Minor, the Turkish forces had occupied Smyrna and the late President had bestowed upon him the title of Ghazi—that is, one who had won a decisive victory over a Christian enemy. The Nationalist victory was complete. After a conference lasting for many months the Treaty of Lausanne was signed in July, 1923, giving to Turkey practically the whole of the conditions claimed in the National Pact. By the Convention of Montreux thirteen years later Turkey was allowed to refortify the Straits.

Fifteen years ago last month the late President created the Turkish Republic. The ancient historic offices of Sultan and Caliph were abolished ; there was no place for these relics, which had long outlived their use, in the modern State. The old Ottoman Sheriat law based on the Koran gave place to European codes ; the system of polygamy and the harem were abolished while the veil was forbidden. It was made a criminal offence to wear the red fez ; the European hat henceforth had to be worn. Thousands of priests and hodjas were exiled and their properties and religious institutions taken over by the State. Hardly a week went by without a new reform being forced upon a bewildered people ; the older generation did not take kindly to them. But

Kemal Atatürk concentrated all his energy on the youth of the country ; they were the future guardians of the new Turkey. So he built up-to-date schools for them, and clinics and play centres, clubs, libraries and cultural institutes. He replaced the old Arabic script by the Latin alphabetical system, which was more suited to the genius of the Turkish language. Education was made compulsory and free from the primary school to the university. Believing that no nation could be truly civilized which denied freedom and equality to its womenfolk, Kemal freed them from the bondage of the veil and polygamy and made them equal before the law with men. To-day women are to be found in all branches of Turkish life ; as magistrates, members of parliament, doctors, engineers, aviators, teachers, office-workers ; there are also a number of Turkish women judges. A recent social experiment which is proving highly successful is in the sphere of penal reform. Under the Empire Turkish prisons were undescribably filthy and tended to make men criminals rather then reform them. To-day convicts are decently housed and are taught trades and crafts to fit them for after life.

In the international sphere Turkey's conduct has been exemplary. A member of the League of Nations she has honoured her signature and abided by her word and has sought to make enemies of no one. It was Turkey who sponsored the Balkan Pact in 1934 by which the friendliest relations are maintained by Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. To the East, Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Afghanistan are united in a pact of non-aggression, signed at Saadabad a year ago. This year Turkey and France came to terms over the former's rights in the Sanjak of Alexandretta, now the Republic of Hatay.

What is the future of this infant republic now that the strong man is no more ? Will reaction set in and put the clock back in Turkey or is the spirit of the late President still strong enough to inspire those who follow in his footsteps to greater deeds in the cause of world peace and progress ?

THE PROGRESS OF OUR LEGAL LIBERTIES

By Cecil Preston

THE nineteenth Century commentators upon the Britis Constitution made a virtue of necessity, an congratulated the British Citizen upon the traditiona form in which his liberties were assured to him. It is true tha civil liberties here consist not of particular rights reserved b a formal " written " constitution, but of a general immunit from interference in any activities not designated as unlawful and that this feature of the British Commonwealth may well hav advantages. Is security one of them ? For the thesis that th liberties of the subject are *better* secured, if they take this for than if they are embodied in the paragraphs of a " written constitution, is that contended for by Dicey and hi contemporaries. Magna Charta was only declaratory of rights and the Habeas Corpus Acts merely defined and extended pre-existing immunity from arbitrary arrest, which immunit would survive the repeal of those Acts *simpliciter*. Contras this position, exclaimed the nineteenth century, with th comparative insecurity of the American, who must rely upon written constitution for his liberties : and consider how it suspension will totally destroy them. The period in which w live is too apt for a study of lost liberty not to suggest certai qualifications upon this optimistic view.

First, if liberties are guaranteed by a written constitution, th people must have formal notice of any attempt to infringe them for such constitutions almost invariably require speci formalities for their amendment. The creaking of the co stitutional machinery draws attention to the propose infringement : and, if executive zeal dispenses with the prop formalities, it will not be legally valid. At Westminster on th other hand the most comprehensively restrictive statute mu pass through only the same stages as must the least importa piece of legislation.

The power of Parliament to make anything the law of the land by enacting it, leads to a more important point still: for it follows that any enactment which conflicts with a common law right, or an earlier enactment, will, without express words, abrogate, or repeal, the existing rule. In practice, any given liberty of the subject is unlikely to be lost by an enactment totally depriving him of it, but it may well be curtailed by statute. None of these perhaps deprive the subject altogether of, say, his immunity from interference while publicly expressing his views, but they do provide exceptions to the general immunity. The Victorian weather, no doubt, was so settled that nothing but a total eclipse seemed able to darken the sun. We are in a position to recognize, however, that the process of restrictive legislation is by encroachment, from the general liberty to the particular restriction. And not only does the law of the land not require the occasion to be marked by any special formalities: no conscious abrogation or repeal need be intended.

To translate into political terms, the defender of liberty has not seriously to contend with the abolitionist, who, as in the case of Sir Oswald Mosley, most probably fails to address his countrymen in the national idiom. A far more serious threat is presented by any of the "respectable" parties, which proclaims its party programme to be the national interest, once it begins to do so more strenuously than mere electioneering demands. It is by no means difficult for such a party to pass through the following stages. First, nothing appears more desirable in the national interest than the carrying into effect of its full programme, without conscious destruction of civil liberties, but without reference to any which may be infringed on the way. Then, opposition, and particularly the protests thus aroused, makes the restriction of free speech in itself desirable in the interests of "efficient Government." Thus (almost at random from the correspondence columns of *The Times*): "We need also a spontaneous and national unity of purpose which, by rejecting a too jealous insistence upon private rights and equities, can facilitate the working of our free society." The writer did not indicate what was to be done, if spontaneity could not be achieved by legislation.

I propose to give examples reflecting the process of encroachment. This survey is limited, however, to encroachment upon personal liberty, by which is intended the immunity from interference possessed by every individual in his personal, as opposed to his economic, activities. No matter how unpopular his views or his behaviour may be, the individual is entitled to this immunity, subject only to the law, which may provide a criminal prosecution or a civil action for activities inimical to the interests of the community or productive of loss to another individual. Every statutory encroachment limits to that extent the field of immunity, and it is here assumed that any limitation of free speech, free assembly and free association is *prima facie* undesirable and to be justified in detail by necessity. The very numerous restrictions now placed by statute upon the individual's powers to buy, sell, and generally develop his economic resources on the one hand, and to enter into contracts of service and combination, and generally utilize his labour power on the other must be neglected. It is common ground among all parties that unrestricted liberty in the economic sphere leads to various disastrous results, and in particular to the loss of real liberty itself by the inequality of the bargaining parties. But the degree of restriction approved in economic affairs, and therefore the justification demanded for such legislation, depends upon the political view point of the critic. This self-denying ordinance must exclude also legislation which restricts liberty, but does so for reasons directly economic. The Trades Disputes Act 1927, for example, exhibits several typical characteristics of this kind of legislation, but the approach to it must depend upon the politics of the critic to an extent greater than does the legislation discussed here. To personal liberty, however, almost all political parties now pay lip-service, and therefore it is worth while examining to what extent freedom *has* been restricted in the interests of "efficient Government." The "national defence contribution" required of us in this respect can be assessed upon a basis which no respectable political party would publicly reject.

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The case of *Lewis v. Cattle* (reported in *The Times*, April 8th, 1938) illustrates the advantage sometimes taken by the executive

of an inadvertent encroachment. This case was mentioned in connection with the freedom of the Press by Mr. Kenneth Adam in THE FORTNIGHTLY, July, 1938. But it is worthy of closer scrutiny. The Official Secrets Act, 1920, was passed to increase the powers of coping with espionage and for certain purposes ancillary thereto. In the case cited, the Southport Police had circulated a confidential description of a man they proposed to arrest for fraudulent conversion. A few days later a newspaper carried an article, which appeared (and was later admitted) to be based on the police circular, and which was admittedly the work of the defendant Lewis. Accordingly Supt. Cattle called upon Lewis and required him to give the name of his informant, as under Official Secrets Act, 1920, Section 6, he was clearly entitled to require. Upon his refusal to give this information Lewis was charged and convicted under Section 6. The conviction was upheld on Appeal, the Lord Chief Justice observing that the case was " too plain for argument." Yet, Sir Gordon Hewart A.-G., at the time the Act was passed, had said on the second reading " . . . it is very strange that persons connected with the Press should say that this Bill deals with them " ; and in committee upon Section 6 he had said " we are dealing only with offences or suspected offences under the Principal Act or this Act. In other words, to put it shortly, we are dealing with spying and attempts at spying ". It is unnecessary for our purpose to contend that the conduct of the convicted journalist was particularly meritorious, or that the error by which the section was too widely drawn was anything but innocent. The case none the less discloses an unwelcome willingness on the part of the authorities to take advantage of such an error, the more so since Official Secrets Acts 1911 s.8 and 1920 s. 8 make it plain that the Attorney General's consent was obtained to these proceedings. As to that, the conclusion is either that such consents are given on a rubber-stamp principle, or that, if any proper consideration is given to them, the implementing of his predecessor's assurances is not a sufficient ground for the exercise of the discretion.

This case does not stand alone. Journalists were charged it may be remembered, under the Official Secrets Act at Stockport (again) on August 20th, 1937, and at Hull on September 8th and 9th, 1937.

More important, however, are two statutes recently directed to the purpose of restrictions.

Incitement to Disaffection Act 1934.

Section 1 makes it an offence " maliciously and advisedly " to endeavour " to seduce any member of H.M. Forces from his duty or allegiance ". Any person acting in this manner was, prior to 1934, subject to the following restraining influences. He might be committing the common law offence of publishing seditious libels. He would almost certainly be committing an offence under *Incitement to Mutiny Act* 1797. If he was an alien, or his victim not a soldier but a policeman, he would find himself liable under *Aliens Restriction* (*Amendment*) *Act* 1919, or *Police Act* 1919, as the case might be. It is plain, therefore, that Section 1 does not enshrine the purpose of the new Act. That purpose is to be found in Section 2 (1) which makes the following circumstances in combination an offence : (*a*) the possession or control of documents " of such a nature that the dissemination of copies thereof among members of H.M. Forces would constitute an offence " under Section 1 and (*b*) the intent to commit or be a party to the commission of an offence under Section 1. The point of Section 2 (1) is that it dispenses with the necessity of publication to constitute an offence. The offence of treason may likewise be committed merely by " compassing " certain things, but there an " overt act " is required to manifest the guilty purpose. There is no such requirement in Section 2 (1). Although there have been convictions for treason where unpublished documents have been relied on, the documents had in those cases been written by the accused ; and if those cases were correctly decided at all, it is this fact which must be relied upon to support them. The closest parallel to the documents referred to in Section 2 (1) is found in house-breaking implements, the possession of which if coupled with the appropriate intention is itself an offence under *Larceny Act* 1916 s. 28. There are, however, two points of difference. Although this section of the *Larceny Act* does not require any act on the part of the possessor of the implements, it does apply only to " persons found by night " with weapons or housebreaking implements, i.e., to the burglar already on his way. No such requirement as " found near a barracks "

limits the application of Section 2 (1) to persons whom it is reasonable to suspect of an immediate intention to tamper with the allegiance of the troops ; in fact the reverse is the case, for possession of a single copy of a work, dissemination of copies whereof would be an offence under Section 1, is enough, notwithstanding that before any effective tampering could take place the criminal would be obliged to equip himself with copies for distribution. Further, while it is perfectly true that the Crown must prove the guilty intention of the accused to constitute this offence, this is quite inadequate as a sole safeguard in offences of a political character. Statutes of this kind are practically unimportant except in emergencies, and, in emergency, ordinary citizens, and juries composed of them, cannot be counted upon to avoid decisions symptomatic of their panic-stricken state of mind. (Many war time decisions evidence this fact). That is not a reason for discarding the jury system, but it is an argument against creating statutory offences which give unlimited scope for translating the excitement of Mr. A into a term of imprisonment for Mr. B.

Section 3 makes the consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions necessary for proceedings under the Act ; but see the case of Lewis *v.* Cattle referred to above.

Public Order Act 1936.

The genesis of this Act is notorious, and to the question " whence comes this restraint ? " we may for the most part confidently reply " from too much liberty ". But it exhibits a characteristic feature of this kind of legislation, by going somewhat further than is justified by necessity. The British Union of Fascists are not a body who invite much sympathy. Nor was Mr. Wilkes ; Junius described him as " infamous ", but rightly remarked :

> " Although the instance in which a penal law is excited is particular, the laws themselves are general . . . You cannot but know, Sir, that what was Mr. Wilkes' case yesterday, may be yours or mine tomorrow and that consequently the common right of every subject of the realm is invaded by it." (Letter XVIII.).

Necessity, however, may well have demanded the prohibitions contained in Sections 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6. These sections constitute the following offences : to wear in public a uniform of political significance ; to organize a quasi-military body for political

ends ; to carry offensive weapons at a public meeting ; to use offensive words or behaviour intended to cause a breach of the peace ; and in certain circumstances to refuse name and address to a police constable at a public meeting. None of these prohibitions infringe in any essential particular the individual's right to express his views publicly. But Section 3 dealing with public processions, is less easily defensible. By Section 3 (1) a " chief officer of police " may, if he has reasonably grounds for apprehending serious public disorder, impose conditions upon the conduct of any public procession, in particular by prescribing its route. Sub-sections (2) and (3) are more stringent. This same officer may apply to the Local Authority in a town (Borough Council or Urban District Council) for an order forbidding all or any class of processions in an area for a period not exceeding three months ; this order must receive the consent of the Secretary of State, to whom the application is to be made direct in the Metropolitan District. Briefly, " the chief officer of police " can control any particular procession under sub-section (1), but a general ban can only be imposed if he invokes the machinery of sub-sections (2) and (3). (Sub-section (3) has been utilized to ban all processions in part of the East End of London).

Who are the persons whose reasonable apprehensions can lead to the imposition of conditions ?

The constitution of the Police Force is to be found in Police Pensions Act 1921 3rd Schedule Part 1, which prescribes the Chief Officer, the Police Authority (to which he is responsible) and the fund available for the maintenance of the Force for each Area.

The material parts are as follows :—

Police Area	Police Authority	Chief Officer of Police	Police Fund
The City of London	The Common Council	The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police	The Funds out of which the expenses of the City Police are paid.
The Metropolitan District (which means 15 miles round Charing Cross).	One of H.M. Principal Secretaries of State (in practice the Home Secretary).	The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.	The Metropolitan Police Fund.

A County (which means an administrative County not including a County Borough).	The standing Joint Committee of the Quarter Sessions and the County Council.	The Chief Constable	The County Fund.
A Borough.	The Watch Committee (of the Borough Council).	The Chief Constable.	The Borough fund or borough rate or any fund or rate applicable under any Local Act for the expenses of the Police Force

(with corresponding provisions for Scotland)

It follows from this constitution that :

1. The acts of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police can be raised in Parliament by question to the Home Secretary or on the Police Vote, because the Home Secretary can give orders to the Commissioner.

2. This procedure cannot be followed in the case of the Provincial Police, notwithstanding that one half of the cost of maintenance of the Provincial Police is voted on the Police vote, for the reason that the Home Secretary cannot give orders to them. He can at the most tender advice, and the fact that he has not done so could be raised on the Home Office Vote.

3. The local bodies to which the provincial police are responsible do not naturally provide the same opportunities for effective ventilation of grievances as does Parliament, and the only democratic control is therefore that of the voter at the Municipal Elections. Even this is not fully effective in the County : half the members of the Joint Committee are J.P.s.

It is not by virtue of a technical rule of House of Commons procedure that the Provincial Chief Officer's acts cannot be raised in the same way as those of the Metropolitan Commissioner The rule of the House follows perfectly logically from the constitution of the Police : a provincial Chief Officer is responsible to the local body only. The conclusion seems irresistible : either such powers should not be entrusted to an officer, whose decisions cannot be challenged in a democratic manner by persons who think themselves aggrieved, or, if the police force are alone possessed of the necessary knowledge and

experience to control processions (as may well be the case), the constitution of the force should be amended so as to permit such criticism.

To return to the Act itself. The safeguards are as follows:—

1. A general ban cannot be imposed without the consent of an authority responsible to Parliament. It would not, however, be beyond the resources and ingenuity of the Police to deal with processions one at a time, and, by imposing conditions, to negative their effect, without having to resort to an application for a general ban.

2. The jurisdiction of the Courts is not ousted, and there is nothing to prevent a disgruntled demonstrator challenging the validity of the conditions imposed in any case in which it was material to do so. The Court would have to be satisfied that the Chief Officer of Police had reasonable grounds for apprehending disorder viz., that he genuinely held the opinion and that it was such as a reasonable man might hold. Presumably the Court would go further and require to be satisfied that the conditions, *e.g.*, as to route, imposed by the Chief Officer were justified by the view he had formed, or in other words that the restrictions were sufficient, but no more than sufficient, to allay his just apprehensions. This second inquiry would be a difficult one, but it seems clear that the words of the Act do not permit a Chief Officer who has justifiably decided that a proposed route is not to be allowed, thereupon to order it to follow a route as far from the proposed route as he chooses. A proviso to sub-section (1) obscures this point by providing that the Chief Officer shall not impose any restriction on the use of banners further than is necessary to prevent a breach of the peace; but it seems impossible that the express mention of banners only in this connection would be held to confer unrestricted power on him in regard to route and other matters. But satisfactory as these limitations may appear in theory, a Court must always have difficulty in deciding what would have happened, if the procession had not been compelled to deviate quite so far from its proposed route, and the onus of proving that the procession could have safely taken a route nearer to its proposed route than that permitted would be an almost impossibly heavy one to discharge.

Moreover, the issue of validity might not arise in any simple form. Section 3 (4) does provide a direct method of enforcement by making it an offence not to comply with the conditions. But suppose X, a demonstrator appears in the Police Court charged with interfering with the police in the due execution of their duties and with assaulting Constable Y. If it could be proved that the Chief Officer of Police had required that the procession of which X formed part should deviate from its proposed route at a certain point, but that he had no reasonable apprehensions to justify such a requirement, X, having been arrested for trying to break through the cordon of Police at the point of deviation, could not be convicted for failing to comply with the Chief Officer's directions. He might, however, be charged and convicted in such a case on some other quite different ground: Constable Y prevented the passage of X under a Police Constable's general powers and X obstructed him. It would be improper to suggest such disingenuous conduct on the part of the Police, had not such prosecutions for obstruction followed upon breaches of the so-called "Trenchard ban", which forbade meetings near Labour Exchanges, but which, being unsupported by any statutory or other authority, was wholly invalid.

Finally, the background against which these new powers should be viewed includes on the one hand, the ample powers already possessed by the police for controlling the citizen upon his lawful occasions, and upon the other, the comprehensive powers possessed by the Government under Emergency Powers Act, 1920, for dealing with any crisis. The latter, however, requires the positive approval of the Houses of Parliament, expressed in the form of resolutions; and no doubt this requirement is thought to make its working "inefficient".

The rights which the law confers are but negative ones. It is far outside our scope to discuss how far his economic position can deny real liberty to a man potentially freed from restriction by the law. But it is germane to consider how far the judicial system translates the law of liberty into fact. After all, the 1936 Constitution of the U.S.S.R. is the most modern and comprehensive Declaration of the Rights of Man; yet a political criminal might well prefer to take his chance with the English

law as administered at the Old Bailey to submitting to the application of this Code by the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court at Moscow. Further, the contrast between a partial executive and an impartial judiciary is in no country an invariably perfect one, and must therefore not be drawn too sharply here.

The case of Ford and Others was tried at Surrey Quarter Sessions on September 2nd, 1937. The Defendants were charged with breaking into a bungalow and stealing certain documents and other things. They were inspired thereto by their political views, though not thereby alone; for they removed also the portable and valuable chattels usually sought after by burglars. Their beliefs and those of the prosecutor, were canvassed at the trial to the exclusion of almost all other subjects. Such evidence could be considered relevant on two grounds. In the first place, if a purely political motive could be attributed to the prisoners this implied the absence of the intention personally to deprive the prosecutor of the documents (a necessary element in the offence charge): they wanted the documents, it was explained, only for the purpose of informing against him for illegal political activities. It was left to the jury to distinguish the theft of the documents from the theft of other articles on this ground, if they thought fit; but they did not, and found the prisoners guilty of stealing both. To this extent it was material to bring out the difference between the prosecutor's and the defendant's political views; but, as pointed out this defence was not accepted by the jury. Secondly, had the prosecutor's evidence-in-chief gone to anything but the ownership of the stolen goods, it might have been material to cross-examine to his credit, by showing him to be a man of such views as to be undeserving of belief. But since the prosecutor's evidence-in-chief was not seriously contested, his credit was immaterial, and so it is doubtful if the second possible ground of relevancy was relied upon.

It is not, however, important to decide what exact ground was relied on by the defence in raising, with only the slightest opposition from the prosecution, the political matters which it did. For these matters were raised in a way unjustifiable, and the questions asked were inadmissible, on any ground of

relevancy. It is nothing less than incredible that the Bench should have thought (*inter alia*) the question to the prosecutor, whether Bela Kun was a communist, material. The jury remained unmoved, however, and convicted. But the Bench took the most lenient view, and bound the men over for twelve months, remarking on their good characters. Evidence was given that one of the men was a deserter from the Army, and another had been convicted of illegally wearing a political uniform. While few approve the passing of heavy sentences on men not hardened criminals, it is plainly a most dangerous doctrine that the prisoners' adherence to a political creed, which recommends violence, should be taken in mitigation of sentence. On general grounds (supported in this case by the record of one of the men) it should have the reverse effect, as indicating a settled policy of law-breaking.

Civil liberties do not guarantee the health of the body politic, though it is not so long since it would have been platitudinous to assert that their total absence indicated its sickness. We ground to-day's controversies on the platitudes of yesterday; but so long as free institutions are an accepted feature of the political landscape, it is necessary to point out that at once the value and the test of them consists in "tolerations of opinions that are considered damnable and liberty to do what seems wrong."

JAPAN AND THE HEAD-HUNTING CULT

By A. Morgan Young

MAN being a wanderer on the face of the earth, the anthropologist, considering him in his present location, straightway begins to speculate on the route by which he arrived there. In some remote past various groups remained isolated for a sufficiently long time to acquire those racial characteristics which, in accordance with the laws propounded by the Abbé Georg Mendel, become mingled but not obliterated as a result of intermarriage; but that stationary habit was abandoned so long ago, and the races have wandered so far and mingled so persistently that we cannot now be sure what characteristics distinguish any one race, or even how many races participate in the hybrid stock which now roams more freely than ever. Bushman, Finn, Andamanese, Chinese, Nuer, Eskimo, Aztec, Norwegian, Bantu, though presenting marked differences, are themselves so various as to forbid us in any case hailing them as pure racial types; and where a tribe or a national group shows traces of mixed origin, the anthropologist naturally tries to discover the components of the mixture. Their achievements have drawn much attention to the Japanese, and their origin has accordingly been a subject of speculation and search.

Nobody is likely to quarrel with the conclusion reached by the distinguished German physician, Dr. Baelz, one of the earlier investigators, that the Japanese are, in the main, of the Mongol race, but there are differences which give the less certain strains in their make-up a high degree of importance. These other strains must be held to account for cultural differences, and perhaps for temperamental peculiarities. Cultural characteristics can, of course, be taken over from people of other stock just as easily as from those of similar origin; and just as the Japanese culture was, up to the last generation, as much Chinese as the

Japanese race was Mongol, so too the non-Chinese grafts are as important as the non-Mongolian racial contribution. Indeed, they are probably a great deal more important.

In discussing the connection of race with temperament we are on very uncertain ground. It is hardly possible to tell what characteristics may be due to race rather than to tradition and environment. So unjust and so mischievous has been the easy ascription of qualities that we dislike to people who differ from us that the most respectable anthropologists are inclined to deny that mental differences exist. Jews, Irish, Negroes, Poles, and various other groups have at different times been pronounced guilty of various shortcomings by the people who have not treated them justly, sometimes as an excuse for having perpetrated injustice, and sometimes as a reason for further wrongdoing. The Malays are popularly supposed to be more prone than other people to fits of exasperation in which they murder everybody in their path in a savage frenzy. The Japanese, on the other hand, are taught to keep their tempers under control, and not to display anger. It is certain that they are not a phlegmatic people but, on the contrary, are highly emotional, and their traditional self-discipline has been regarded by some observers as a highly commendable curb on a native temperament inclining them to " run amok " like the Malay ; and it is certain that where a Japanese especially of the less educated class, nurses a grievance, he is liable to brood over it until his feelings so carry him away that he will murder the whole household of his enemy and anybody else who stands in his way. Hence employers take great care to part from employees in an amicable manner.

But there is better reason than either this trait or an occasional physical resemblance to conjecture a partly Malayan origin. The Japanese house, though not built out over the water, like the Malay village, is of very similar structure and altogether different from the Chinese or Korean house ; the origin of the *tokonoma*, the alcove so specially characteristic of the Japanese house, is plainly to be seen in the Malay house ; and though the Japanese *kimono* is adapted from the dress in fashion in China at the time that it was introduced (possibly about the eighth century), the Japanese wear a Malayan undergarment with it, which is not Chinese, and presumably antedated the *kimono*.

Among other customs which Japan shares with distan places is that of blackening the teeth, practised by the women i the Caroline Islands, those of the Naga Hills, Assam, and, unt recently, by the women of Japan. An old woman may eve now be occasionally seen in Japan with blackened teeth, an it is a part of the make-up of female characters in historic plays.

It has been suggested, with regard to such customs, that the may have originated in Japan and been carried to the Sout Seas and the Pacific islands by Japanese adventurers. Such a explanation, indeed, might be used to explain the Japanes connection with the great company of headhunters. Head hunting is a picturesque custom which seems to have lacked th serious attention from anthropologists that it deserves. Th late Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, who argued powerfully tha wherever we found similar customs, they were almost certainl transplantations and not independent inventions, would hav found no dissentients in regard to the decapitations practise in Formosa, the Philippines, Borneo, and Sumatra. Presumabl the head-hunters of the Naga Hills, Assam, are of the sam culture. Whether those of West Africa have any relationshi to the rest it would be difficult to say ; and as for the ingeniou natives of Ecuador, who have a method of shrinking a head t the size of an orange, while preserving the features and hair, thei particular art, at least, is an invention of their own, whereve they may have acquired the idea of regarding a head as trophy.

We must not forget that even in England in recent time decapitation has had its ceremonial side. It was the privileg of a gentleman condemned to death to be beheaded, an gentlemen's heads were exposed on Temple Bar in the eighteent century. Since the wanderings of early man are deduced fro traces of so simple an operation as the chipping of flint anthropologists may some day give us a comprehensive accoun of the part which decapitation has played in civilization! Bu it may be that the severing of a head is so obviously a swif dramatic and irrevocable method of killing a man that even the technique had only one discoverer, its utility must hav occurred to more than one intelligent man.

Hara-kiri (literally, belly-cutting) has been written of a grea

deal. To Christendom it was a curious and notable thing that there should exist a form of suicide which was honourable, and which was permitted to gentlemen as an alternative to the indignity of being decapitated by the common executioner. The executioner with his big sword is almost certainly a Chinese importation, like nearly everything else. But in China it seems to have been merely an expeditious way of disposing of a male-factor to lop off his head, whereas in Japan decapitation is not such a simple affair. Those ancient chronicles the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi* make no mention of the cutting of bellies but many of the severing of heads; the first decapitation took place on the Plain of High Heaven before time began, when Izanami, the universal mother, died of giving birth to the Fire God, and Izanagi, the father of all, lopped off the disastrous infant's head.

Having the advantage of coming, when still in a barbaric state, under the highly-civilized tuition of the Chinese, the Japanese appear to have passed straight from the stone age to the iron age. Did not the brother of the Sun-Goddess find a sword in the tail of a dragon, before men had appeared on the earth? This sword is still preserved in the Grand Shrine at Ise, and it would be blasphemy to doubt it. But we have to come a long way down before we hear of *harakiri*, and then it appears simultaneously with decapitation—or as a warrant of it.

Of the origin of *harakiri* we know nothing. As flaying and other barbarous practices receive early mention, it may have been a means of escaping painful and prolonged deaths, but the more polite conjecture is that it was to escape the disgrace of falling alive into the hands of the enemy.

James Murdoch, the Scottish historian of Japan, says that he could nowhere find earlier mention of belly-cutting than 1170 (the year when Becket was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral). When he comes to the next mention of it in 1180, he says that this is the second in historical remoteness; but in both cases the record is so matter-of-fact that the contemporary reader was evidently supposed to know all about it. We may suppose that it did not begin until steel weapons were fairly common. But in 1187 we find a remarkable incident. Tadanobu, a follower of the first heroic character in Japanese history, Yoshitsune, being surrounded by his enemies, plunged his sword

into his bowels, and then cut off his own head with it! This is regarded as the most splendid of all suicides in a land where self-immolation is tremendously admired. But though a sceptical age may look dubiously on the self-decapitation, it has no reason to doubt the record which goes on to speak of the pickling of the head in salt, of its being conveyed to headquarters in a "head box", and, after being put on view for three days, being honourably buried along with the body. The custom of taking an enemy's head was as much taken for granted as that of disembowelment to escape capture in the twelfth century. Self-decapitation was at least an ideal, even if, like so many ideals, it was found impracticable.

A resolute jab in the belly with a sharp knife is certain death, though a painful one. During the civil wars there were plenty of occasions when it was the least unpleasant end to look forward to, and the head was taken partly for identification and partly for the satisfaction of seeing how an enemy looked after he had lost the game; but at a very early date the taking of the head was an important and ceremonious matter even when it could be done at leisure. To do things "decently and in order" is a passion with the Japanese. It has been said of the Hindus that their every act has a religious significance; of the Japanese it might be similarly said that every act is a ceremony. It was the usual thing to behead a captured enemy, but though the head was to be exposed like that of a common criminal, the execution was done in due form. Kumai, one of Yoshitsune's followers (in the twelfth century), about to be executed, delayed the affair so long by raising objections regarding the etiquette of the proceedings that a rescue party was in time to deliver him with his head still on his shoulders. And in the same campaign, when Benkei, the Japanese Friar Tuck, with a Minamoto leader Shomonbo, covered the retreat of Yoshitsune, they concluded with what became the favourite of all tragic climaxes. Escape was hopeless, so Shomonbo, sitting in the correct attitude on a mat, thrust the dirk into his bowels, and as he fell forward, Benkei, who was standing to his left and a little to the rear, smote off his head with a single stroke. The head he picked up and fled with it, successfully eluding the pursuers, and gave

it in charge of a temple for honourable burial, so that it should not be exposed by the enemy.

When the Tokugawa Shoguns, early in the seventeenth century, established peace throughout the Empire, they were careful not to deny all opportunity for blood-letting. The Tokugawas were students of Confucius, and agreed with the dictum that one cannot live under the canopy of heaven with a man who has injured one's father. Accordingly, a personal vendetta was permitted on formal notice being given, and provided that it did not lead to rioting. An informal vengeance was permissible in some circumstances. For instance, the husband of an unfaithful wife might kill both her and her lover, but not one singly, and he had only to notify the authorities of what he had done. As regards the vendetta, the wealthy and powerful had a great advantage. They could protect themselves with a bodyguard and make their mansions inaccessible. So, in the most famous of all Japanese vendettas, the revenge of the forty-seven retainers of Asano Takumi-no-Kami on their master's enemy Kira Kotsuke-no-Suke, the forty-seven went about their business secretly without giving notice. Even so it took years before they got their opportunity ; and when at last they broke into the mansion at a moment when it was all but deserted, and dragged the ancient Kira out of his hiding-place, they asked him politely for his head. This is always represented as being an invitation to him to die honourably by *harakiri*, which, Kira being too great a coward to perform, left them no other recourse but to cut off his head without ceremony, and despite his prayers and resistance. Doubtless, if he had thrust the kirk into his own bowels, his murderers would have escaped punishment.

But it was the head that they were after, and they could not let the risk of punishment stand in the way. Having secured their trophy, they set off for the temple at Sengakuji, where Asano was buried. News of their valiant deed spread so rapidly that one can only suppose that Kira's servants spread it instead of staying to protect their master; and the murderers were invited to rest and refresh themselves at the house of another nobleman on their way, all bloody as they were and carrying their ghastly trophy. Arrived at Sengakuji, they ceremoniously

washed the head at a well there, and laid it on the tomb of Asano. In due course, after the law had come into operation, the relatives of Kira recovered the head from the priests and disposed of it honourably along with the body.

Placing the head on the grave of its owner's enemy as a posthumous offering was the correct ending to any feud or vendetta, and many instances were recorded. Some certainly are the subject of favourite stories. It is the "happy ending" from the professional story-teller's point of view.

How Benkei stood beside his friend and slashed off his head at a blow has already been described. This, later, became the regular procedure, and as, when it is related of Benkei in the twelfth century, there is nothing to suggest that it was a new idea, the custom may have been as old as the belly-cutting itself. Under the Tokugawas, and as a consequence of their keeping the peace, *harakiri* was no longer the fate of the defeated warrior, but the prescribed end, often very arbitrarily decreed, of any offender of samurai rank; and in the elaborate rules laid down it was provided that the man who was ordered to commit *harakiri* should be attended by a friend, whose office it was to stand to the left of and a little behind the condemned man with a sharp sword, and to strike off his head as soon as the dirk had been plunged in. In many cases the use of the dirk was by any means vigorous. Lord Redesdale, in the *Tales of Old Japan*, describes the *harakiri* which he witnessed officially in Kobe in 1868, when Taki Zenzaburo was ordered to expiate the offence of giving the order to a number of braves to fire at the foreigners as they passed the newly established foreign settlement. Here Taki's friend stood in the appointed place and struck off his head, which bumped down on the mats. The belly-slitting has always monopolized attention in the accounts of such incidents, perhaps naturally, as it is peculiar to Japan, while decapitation is an idea familiar enough to readers of English history; yet it might have been supposed that the custom of choosing a special friend to play the part of executioner would have been considered even more remarkable than the disembowelment.

At the time of the Satsuma rebellion, in 1877, Saigo, the military leader of the rebels, committed *harakiri* when he saw

that his cause was irretrievably lost. His old friend Prince Yamagata, who led the Government troops against him, was a student of the modern German strategists, but, like his opponent, concluded in accordance with ancient historic precedent. He cut off Saigo's head and washed it, in the approved manner.* Yamagata was the real ruler of Japan until his death in 1922, so although the beginnings of the head-hunting rite in Japan are lost in the mists of antiquity, its end (unless it should be revived) is a matter of contemporary history.

The cult of head hunting, though popular enough in travellers' tales, has not had the attention that it deserves from the anthropologists. Its exponents speak diverse and difficult languages, and the anthropologist may feel that too persistent a curiosity on the subject might be taken as an invitation to a little "tooling", as de Quincey would say. In Japan the ancient cult has become confused with the Chinese matter-of-fact practice of decapitation as a short way with offenders against the law. In less cultured lands where head-hunting is practised, it has been a little too easily romanticised. We are told that a young man cannot get a wife until he has proved his virility by bringing home a head. To capture a head no doubt enhances social status, but it is also much more than a passport to the connubial couch.

The question where head-hunting began has never been answered: perhaps it has never been even asked. It was lately remarked by a scholar that the idea of manners and customs being always imported into Japan was too unconsidered an assumption, and that where we find in the South Seas and Pacific customs resembling those of Japan, it was more likely that Japanese had taken them thither than that they had been brought thence. There is much force in the argument. The Japanese are much more dominant and enterprising than any of their humbler oceanic neighbours, and have from the earliest times ventured, more often than not piratically, among the islands of the head-hunters. The head being a prize of great value and significance in Japan, it is quite a reasonable conjecture that the theory and practice may have been carried

* There are slight variants in this story, the head-taker according to one of them being another friend, a distinguished admiral.

by early Japanese adventurers to Formosa, Borneo, the Philippines, and Sumatra—all places, strangely enough, towards which Japanese eyes are rather longingly cast, and which are greatly preferred to the dull rigours of Manchuria.

In the *Tales of Old Japan* there is the picture of a criminal's head on a stand for the delectation of the passer-by. That stand bears much more than an accidental likeness to the stands placed outside a Formosan head-hunter's hut for the exhibition of his trophies. With this as a start, there is obviously a promising field for inquiry. Unfortunately in Japan anthropology and patriotism do not mix, and there are very few foreigners qualified for studying the Japanese end of the problem. Those few, if they took it up, would find an extension of their studies to Formosa almost insuperably difficult. But it seems a pity to leave an interesting problem unexplored.

Since the above was written a remarkable instance of the vitality of the head-taking idea has come to light. In Mr. Bunji Omura's book *The Last Genro*, a life of Prince Saionji, the ancient Saionji, on February 26th, 1936, when the assassins are seeking his life, is made to say, " Let them sever my grey head from its shadowy frame, should one more murder reawake the true spirit of national unity and ensure the safety of his Majesty! " Perhaps Saionji did not use those words, the narrative being highly romanticized : but if he did not, it is still more remarkable that they should have occurred to a very modern young Japanese, educated in America.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

THE world in London, looking out upon those elegant adornments of the parks which we owe to Herr Hitler, seems busy taking stock of the situation. Nothing has been lost yet, except—some would say—honour; and there are some who hold that England has acquired the prestige of the peacemaker. But manifestly that prestige has not brought confidence; the cry goes up on all sides for more and more outlay on armament, more and more bomb-proof shelters. Germany is disappointed. Dr. Goebbels lets the world know that after the Fuehrer's declaration to Mr. Chamberlain of friendly intentions towards England, Germany expected that a state of unpreparedness should be allowed to continue. Dr. Goebbels is hard to please, for Mr. Chamberlain has pledged himself to the English public against introducing compulsory service. Yet that is the only measure which could alter the European balance in favour of democracy.

Taking Stock

England is acting at the present time as if risk of war were imminent. Nothing else could justify such portentous expense. Yet, as Mr. Hore Belisha said publicly, it is even more important to have the men than the material which they are to use if the need comes; and England still acts upon a convention established in an earlier world when war was conducted on two elements only. Supremacy at sea was able in the long run to defeat superiority on land; and it ensured time for preparation. But now England may sweep every hostile craft off the sea (provided America does not intervene) but she herself can have only severely restricted use of the sea roads. The position is that Germany has superiority over France and England combined, in two elements of the three, and can deny to England effective supremacy in the third. A great effort is needed before

democracy can talk on terms of equality to the dictators, an that effort cannot be made merely by spending money. Th French, spending without stint, accept the universal obligatio of service, which in the dictatorships is imposed. Until th English are willing to shoulder the same burden, it is clear tha the alliance between the democracies can never be as cordial a it should. France has always the feeling that if the pinch come nothing in England but the navy will be ready.

* * * * *

No doubt the dictatorships have exaggerated their preser superiority ; an armed man arguing with the unarmed is apt t make himself look even more formidable than he is. If in fac decisive superiority existed at the present moment, th democracies would not be allowed to strengthen themselve Germany would never have shut its eyes to a defeated enemy rearmament. The time may come when Germany and Italy i unison may say to the democracies, Armament shall be stabilise at the ratio which we think proper. One need not expect tha this will come to pass, but Mr. Chamberlain has not convince the country that he is driving hard enough. His appointment are intimidating. England after Pitt's death fought Napoleo with a cabinet of mediocrities whose very names are onl remembered by historians ; but Nelson secured a command o the sea more complete than is possible now, and mediocritie could muddle along undisturbed in an island fortress.

* * * * *

There is also the problem of the colonies. Herr Hitler stresse the evidence of good will given by his agreement to fix th German naval power at a ratio far below that of England. It perhaps not very cynical to reflect that German resources wer then very fully occupied in building up forces which should giv them decisive superiority on land and in the air. But assum that African colonies are restored : is it not probable tha Germany will very soon insist that the naval standard which sh accepted when she had no oversea possessions must be notabl enlarged to secure her routes to them ? The other dictator already arguing on these lines in regard to control of the Sue Canal.

* * * * *

The Jews

Meantime there is the question of the Jews. It is clear from the Government's pronouncement that whatever else may happen there, Palestine will not offer an open door to the distressed race for whom it and it only has the meaning of a home. Lord Rothschild has recognised that however wide the door was opened, there could not be room for all who need asylum. The British Commonwealth, despite all its traditions, shows itself at present less hospitable to this gifted people than many other states; and there is need for a more liberal attitude—there is need also of public remonstrance. The Prime Minister emphasizes the desire felt in Germany for friendship with Great Britain. Friendship is only possible where there is mutual respect, and Mr. Chamberlain is not entitled to ask his country to give their friendship where every principle of justice is denied. If the Germans choose to expel all Jews because they are Jews, that may be regarded as a domestic matter of police. But to claim the right to strip them of every penny is not police; it is brigandage. No abuse of power could more violently outrage that sense of equity which is common to all peoples from the bush native upward. Civilization has not the right to be silent about it. If our silence is to be the price of friendship with the people who have set a detestable example (spreading as the first fruits of their culture even to Czecho-Slovakia) it is not a price that decent men will pay.

* * * * *

The Position of Prose

There has been much complaining because, it is said, good writings get swamped by a hurly burly of bad ones; and because literature has no chance against the cinema and the wireless. Certainly in moments of crisis, the wireless has it; if all the world could have heard Napoleon addressing his troops and could have followed world events as they happened during the Hundred Days, even Walter Scott's hold on the public would have been shaken. But in general, I see no reason to believe that serious and accomplished work in the novel cannot hope for appreciable reward. If anyone of Miss Elizabeth Bowen's books had been submitted to a trained critic unacquainted with her reputation, he must have recognized the finish of the style and the wit of

the analysis; but it would have been equally clear that such work called for considerable attention in the reader; it could not be gulped down; it must be savoured, and by no means all palates would enjoy the tang of it. Nevertheless Miss Bowen's "Death of the Heart" reaches in these distracting times what must be called a very wide public, and earlier books by her, equally difficult of access, have been fortunate. Success has come to a writer who certainly cannot be accused (in Mrs. Woolf's phrase) of "intellectual harlotry"

* * * * *

I do not feel equally at ease about the position of poetry: it seems to me less enjoyed—perhaps because less enjoyable, and I was beginning to wonder if any new verse would ever give me the old sensation of something at once novel and delightful. Now, I have my answer, though not from a new poet; for it is almost thirty years since James Stephens published his "Insurrections", which impressed me, amongst others, profoundly. But it never drew me back to it and then came his perfectly adorable work in prose—"The Charwoman's Daughter," "The Crock of Gold" and other things only less good. Frankly, I have always rather resented that so large a proportion of this author's parsimonious output should be in verse. I recant now. "Kings and the Moon" seems to me the completest expression of his mind—if the expression be permitted. For there are moments when, he says

> "I wish away all mind,
> Only wish to be
> Invisible as wind
> Lonely as a tree".

If you will empty yourself of thought and of desire, then indeed song may come from you, as it comes from the birds or from the trees growing. A wood in spring time is full of trumpets and drums if we could only hear them—so he says in one of these poems. And who can believe that only the birds make melody—that a squirrel never sings? The mind of James Stephens does not advance, like drilled men, marching, nor like a cow eating as she goes; it moves in squirrel leaps; and often one is hard set to follow the song's drift. But it is song undeniable—for the most part in words of one syllable.

" O ghost
That has gone
Away, far away,
To another coast
And another day

I pray
I may
Meet with you there
—On another day
In another air.

'Tis all,
O ghost,
I know of prayer
To meet thee, somewhere,
Anywhere " .

That is characteristic, but here is a very different strain, from " Theme with Variations "—

" No pride hath he who sings of escape from love :
All songs of escape from love are songs of despair :
Who so hath got him away hath got nowhere ".

Just so one might have found in a Greek chorus a strophe in dispraise of love, answered by some such resonant antistrophe. Perhaps that poem of some twenty pages is the best thing in the book. Yet many will prefer, for example, " Paternoster ".

" Do never pray,
But only say
'—O thou '

And leave it so
For he will know
—Somehow
That you fall
And that you call
On him now ".

Jowett is rumoured to have said that half-an-hour's prayer was a better intellectual exercise than a philosophical essay. James Stephens does not willingly connect prayer, or poetry, with

ratiocination. But it needs a deal more than half-an-hour's thought to say so much in so short a song. Seven years have gone by since this author published a volume; now, he brings a book of eighty-three pages, some of which, like this one, contain a mere mouthful of harmonious monosyllables. Plainly from a business point of view, this is not business. Plainly, from another point of view, this is a writer who refuses to consider literature as a business. If it makes any difference to him that when he is long defunct people will be wondering how he could make words coo like a dove, or how so fine an instinct of form guided what is often at first sight inarticulate—well, then, in that way he may count on his reward. The little book 'makes a swanlike close, fading in music', with lines addressed to AE. who preached the same philosophy. But Lord; how much more copious was AE's flow of words! and how thankful one is for this trickle, drop by clear drop, three times at least distilled; and if a whiff of turf reek hangs about the potheen, the gods surely will not mind.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PAST AND FUTURE WAR AT SEA.

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

NAVAL OPERATIONS, Vol. I (2nd Edition), by Sir Julian Corbett. *Longman, Green & Co.* 21*s*.. *with case of maps,* 31*s* 6*d*.

SEA POWER AND THE NEXT WAR, by Lt.-Comdr. A. C. Bell. *Longman, Green & Co.* 6*s*.

In June, 1916, Sir Julian Corbett was appointed to write the history of the Naval operations of the war of 1914 to 1918. The first volume—one of five—based nearly entirely upon the British records, appeared in 1920. Since that date much new material from foreign sources has been published, notably the six volumes of the German *Der Krieg zur See 1914-1918* which threw added light upon several of the events. It is a great tribute to the thoroughness of the work of Corbett and his staff that the main thread of the narrative stands with but little correction and that it has not been considered necessary to revise the major conclusions reached in Corbett's original work. Thus, some re-writing of the scrambling fight in the Heligoland Bight, principally relating to the previous dispositions and later movements of the German flotillas, has been needed; some amendments have been made in the account of the cruise of the mine-layer "Berlin" whose mines caused the loss of the "Audacious"; but, on the whole, the volume stands as it was originally written.

The appearance of a second edition, thus brought up to date, is opportune at the present moment when the horizon is once more clouded. The general situation of the great Powers to-day is indeed very different from that of the period covered by the volume: there has been a reversal of alliances as complete as that of the mid-eighteenth century; and in addition to this altered grouping there have been changes in weapons on a scope never before experienced in so short a time. Yet for all these changes in the political world, bringing with them important reactions in strategy due to the alterations in geographical positions, and in spite of the development of new weapons, particularly that of the air, the study of the naval operations of the war of 1914—1918 is indispensable to those who have to prepare for, direct or conduct war at sea tomorrow. By marking and digesting our errors of commission and omission in the past we can in some measure guard ourselves against repeating them in the future.

One of the most remarkable omissions in the preparations was the need for security of the fleet bases against submarines. The ability of the submarine to navigate in intricate passages and strong tides had been under-rated and "except for such makeshifts as the fleet itself could provide, Scapa in September was still an undefended anchorage". The results were that the fleet had to seek safety at sea or elsewhere. That lesson had not yet gone home when the crisis arose concerning Italy and

Abyssinia. Malta was then no more secure against air attack than Scapa against submarine attack and the fleet was removed to Alexandria. There it no longer covered the Mediterranean communications.

The chapters describing the activities of the German cruisers oversea, shewing how great the demand was for cruisers, should have served as a warning against the hasty adoption in 1929 of a purely mathematical and relative limitation in the number of that class of vessel, wholly unrelated to the functions they had to perform. So, too, we see that no policy regarding the oversea possessions of the enemy had even been considered before the war, and expeditions being hurriedly extemporised *after* August 4th and sent to the Cameroons, East Africa, New Guinea and Samoa.

We are still left in ignorance as to why the ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge were left intact when the allies had to retire from them in October. If there was one plain and certain fact it was that those harbours would become bases for submarine and surface flotillas as Dunkirk and Ostend had always been bases for the corsairs of the past: a most amazing absence of foresight, equalled by that which resulted in the failure to send an adequate force, in time, to meet von Spee when he crossed the Pacific, whereby Cradock, with a force patently inferior, was left unsupported and met his fate at Coronel. But in happy contrast to the vacillations and delay in this unhappy episode we have the promptitude which Lord Fisher displayed in the despatch of the battle cruisers, and its result. Drake and Nelson and many another great commander have urged the importance of time, and this received ample confirmation at the Falkland Islands.

The volume brings home not only the need for ample foresight in preparation but also the difficulty of fore-seeing all the needs which will arise. The one thing in fact which must be prepared for is the unexpected. The move of the "Goeben" to Constantinople, the need for an expedition to Basra, the demand for escorts for troops from India, the call for naval help to the army on the coast of Belgium, the rising in South West Africa—each and all in this early stage of the war made drafts upon the navy which reduced the forces available for the protection of trade. It is an old lesson, one with which those who have studied past wars are familiar. Here we have it repeated in its modern shape and if any further warning were needed not to cut the cruiser fleet to a narrow mathematical margin, the pages of this volume should afford it.

It is a little disturbing that in the face of recorded experience Lt.-Comdr. Bell should advance a theory which amounts to contemning the importance of combat in sea warfare. He speaks with scorn of the "stately cruises" of the battle fleet, of the "bickerings of small craft"; he says that "naval warfare begins when one side has established control over a zone of water". These are amazing statements. Those cruises and bickerings were an integral part of the struggle by which command was obtained and through which control was exercised. No less strange is his assertion that the defeat of the British Grand Fleet would not have been a great calamity, nor a decisive victory over the High Sea Fleet a particular advantage.

His reasoning is partial. It omits a vast range of considerations. It can find no support in experience. When, however, he turns his attention to some of the strategical and economic elements in possible situations of the future he brings out certain facts concerning the power of the sea to exercise pressure and also the extent to which pressure may be influential which deserve close attention. It is, however, to be regretted that he should have allowed a spirit of prejudice, and in some cases mere abuse of persons or countries, to find its way into a serious discussion on Sea-Power.

THE MEDITERRANEAN CHESSBOARD

By W. Horsfall Carter

THE MEDITERRANEAN IN POLITICS, by Elizabeth Monroe. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

MEDITERRANEAN CROSS-CURRENTS by Margret Boveri. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*

WHOSE SEA? A Mediterranean Journey, by George Martelli. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To follow intelligently the progress of international politics one must have the attitude of mind of the chess-player, his boundless patience and, above all, his capacity for seeing the manifold consequences of any particular move. Not everyone, however, is capable of even setting the chess-board for himself. Here are three books published within a few months of one another designed to supply that need for the Mediterranean sector. They are all three worth reading; but Miss Elizabeth Monroe wins the Mediterranean stakes hands down with a book which, besides being the fruits of first-hand observation at a crucial time (1937), is as entertaining as it is instructive.

Miss Monroe's book is based on a series of *enquêtes* conducted in the principal countries having a Mediterranean seaboard—made possible by the munificence of the Rockefeller Foundation. Her first and great merit is an excellent sense of perspective, particularly evident in her comprehensive survey of British interests in and around the Middle Sea. Thus she sees clearly that pure strategy is not—and cannot be—the touchstone of British policy there. It is perfectly true that the air and submarine menace have substantially impaired the security of Britain's chain of naval bases from west to east of the Mediterranean and have taken away its value as a channel for merchant shipping. It does not follow, however, that the best policy for Great Britain is to contrive a strategic retreat from these latter-day dangers. The root error of the so-called "Cape school" proceeds from their failure to recognize the *diplomatic* importance of maintaining our Mediterranean strength. As a means of protecting the oil route from Iraq to the sea, for example, that strength, in military terms, is and always will be inadequate—incidentally the Iraq Petroleum Company is, anyway, not a British but an international concern. And only the patrioteers will wish to talk in terms of protecting imperial air routes. It is in quite a different light, however—as a great middle piece in the structure of British Imperial prestige all over the globe—that the Mediterranean has to be appraised. In 1936-1937, at any rate, official spokesmen of the British Government indicated that they were fully aware of this wider aspect. Writing not so long after the Nyon Agreement Miss Monroe does not fail to point the moral that "Britain is more popular in the Mediterranean than, say, in Central Europe, because the smaller States know that they can rely on the British Government to act as quickly and determinedly as

they would wish ". To-day, perhaps, this is a little sanguine, but the underlying idea is sound.

France, on the other hand, as Miss Monroe reminds us, is anything but empire-minded. It is because of the importance of the Mediterranean passage for her home defence, *i.e.*, for the mustering of levies from Algeria and Morocco—that France needs to maintain and cherish her strategic advantage. Yet the course of events in Spain has already induced the French Government to build a new naval harbour—at Mers el Kebir, five miles west of Oran, besides a somewhat precarious railway connection from Tunis to Casablanca, whence troops can be shipped to Bordeaux or La Rochelle without having to run the gauntlet of the Mediterranean at all. It is, if you like, a confession of weakness. But, in any case, as Miss Monroe brings out, France inevitably plays second fiddle to Great Britain in the Mediterranean, since she has no naval base of her own east of Bizerta (Tunis)—and this, even though she relies on the Iraq pipe-line for over 40% of her oil.

Analysing French possessions in considerable detail Miss Monroe pays eloquent tribute to the great work done in Algeria in less than a century and explains lucidly the difficulties with which France has to contend in Tunisia and Syria. Italy's " tribulations of empire ", too, she discusses sensibly and fairly, protesting against the facile condemnation of Signor Mussolini as a mere opportunist. On the contrary his policy is in the best Italian tradition, and he is essentially a skilful player of the game of diplomatic chess which would seem to have now definitely superseded the ineffectual ' diplomacy by conference ' of the period before 1935. If, nevertheless, his opposite number in Germany has so far got more out of the game, it is partly because of the formidable strength of that country but also largely because of that ineffable ' Liberal conscience ' which has caused British public opinion time and again to play into Herr Hitler's hands. That the *Anschluss* was a severe blow to Italian aspirations and that " Italy is in many eyes, a German prisoner already " was the conclusion drawn by Miss Monroe from first-hand observation in Rome.

The course charted by Fascist Italy is, not unnaturally, the *leitmotif* of the other two books. Compared with *The Mediterranean in Politics* Fraulein Boveri's volume is monumental. It is the product of many years' expert study as correspondent for important German papers. But, apart from a wealth of picturesque detail and, of course, a more substantial background of history, it tells us little or nothing which Miss Monroe's handy volume " for ordinary people " does not cover.

Mr. Martelli nowhere reaches the level of his previous book " Italy against the World ", and *quâ* record of his journey his book is rather pedestrian. But his sympathetic interpretation of the mind and mood of Italy is most valuable. Englishmen with their traditional superiority-complex find it extraordinarily difficult to appreciate the lack of confidence and the touchiness which underlies Italian braggadoccio. But there is no doubt that the fear of being bottled up by Britain in the Mediterranean was at the root of Signor Mussolini's desperate gamble in Spain. What the cure is for this kind of neurosis it is difficult to say. At any rate Mr. Martelli helps us to realize that there is another side to Italian imperialism, a romantic, idealistic streak such as is almost entirely lacking in the present generation of Englishmen. What with the *grand seigneur* habits of the older generation in Outposts of Empire—aptly described in the aphorism that for us ' the niggers begin at Calais ', so that it seemed quite natural to class Maltese, for example, with Asiatics and Africans, and the sheer materialism or cynicism of the younger, we do not make a very good showing. Mr. Martelli sees clearly, however, that the perpetual sense of strain, the absence of any real *joie de vivre* is the unsavoury side of Fascism.

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PREFACE TO THE FLASHING STREAM, by Charles Morgan. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

D. H. LAWRENCE, by Hugh Kingsmill. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Englishmen of this generation are not good at serious writing. Subtleties of human nature they can describe ; the face of the modern world they can translate into poetry, bold and direct ; the professions and sports and histories and economics of mankind they can record with romantic interest and enduring humour. But when it comes to Man, they hesitate. When they want to write of the human spirit and its Principles of action, instead of being serious they are merely grave, if not pompous : the most skilful stylists will fall back on such trite words as " fundamental ", " mystical vein ", " new values ", and " inner consciousness ".

Charles Morgan writes about Man in his Preface to *The Flashing Stream*, and he succeeds in writing seriously. He describes singleness of purpose, the conditions by which it is achieved—a defined concentration and a defined acceptance—and the enemies which oppose it. For the English, the chief enemy is English humour, the sunny rectification of the acid of genius by the alkali of the smilingly-thoughtful.

The pages about humour are very pregnant. Mr. Morgan's manner is sometimes a little too faultless. Good style in this realm of the absolutes amounts almost to a defect of style. But many sentences are truly serious and truly pertinent to Man, and therefore to this generation also. Of acceptance he writes : " Every obsession is an attempt to escape. There are groups of men who can think only in terms of their own political creed, who pride themselves that they and they only are facing reality, and will admit nothing to their judgment—neither art nor science nor religion—unless it plead in the language of their economics. Those who differ from them they call escapists, without guessing that economic obsession is their own bolt-hole ".

D. H. Lawrence would have felt more than an intellectual concord with that sentence, though he thought of Bolshevism, " setting the world alight at a hundred points of red ", as better than much. He would have liked but refused the idealist escape. He separated himself from his idealistically-minded generation by virtue of the very gift that we lack—the power to write concretely and with imaginative comprehension about such final problems as concerned Morgan in his essay.

Those who are interested in Lawrence will be pleased to see the great accumulation of Lawrenceana and saga clearly epitomised in this biography, with some interesting additions in the earlier chapters ; but those who feel something stronger than interest for his work must resign themselves to a negative estimate. Mr. Kingsmill writes clearly, readably and knowledgeably, but like nearly all of us he is a country bumpkin in that very region of the absolute in which Lawrence is most adept. He talks much of Lawrence's philosophy, but it is constantly to regret Lawrence's " preoccupation " with what he calls his " pseudo-mysticism ". Yet he completely invalidates his charge by making it not from the point of view of a wider and more Blake-like mystical comprehension, but from the point of view of the commonsense materialist, to whom all mysticism is pseudo. In fact one is full of sympathy for what must have been Mr. Kingsmill's continual sufferings in the study of his subject. He dwells with irritation on the all-too-human side of Lawrence, gloomily emphasising traits of snobbishness, explosive quarrels with friends, psychotic mother-fixations, et cetera. He is able to smile at the fervour of the disciples of Lawrence, from whom he draws his information, but forgets that with a man like Lawrence it is necessary to be in some sense a follower, to have allowed the influence to flow in, before what is truly valuable in his genius can be made explicit. A commonsense, sane, detached attitude is bound to be a reiteration of the complaints of the old Lawrence-hounds of the 20's.

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It was said of a blind man who recovered his sight that, like Solomon, he wondered at the flight of birds and asked the delightful question: "Why don't people make more fuss about it?" The answer is that they have just begun to make a fuss about it, the artists especially. Peter Scott and Richard Harrison, who help to adorn Mr. Perry's book and "Fishhawk" who illustrates his own records and observations, excel in depicting birds in flight. Their pictures as contrasted, say, with Thorburns, are in the first place, motion pictures, based on long and patient observations—of flighting duck, of an alighting goose, of a stooping peregrine falcon or a speedy swift. These artists look at birds, as the brothers Wright looked, when learning to fly themselves. They prefer on the whole, and for obvious reasons, the bigger birds; and as it happens both Mr. Perry and "Fishhawk" nurse a certain preference for the sea and the estuary and the salting where the larger fowl prevail. Extremely different though these two books are in design the favouritism of the two authors gives some surprising likenesses in subject matter and even in criticism. For example, Mr. Perry's best bit of description concerns that typically shore bird, the Dunlin, which, rather surprisingly, is considered by "Fishhawk" to be among the commonest, that is the most multitudinous of all our birds.

A streak of real originality touches every chapter in *The Turn of the Tide*, which is an eloquent title though it does not cover of course all the many divergent essays. One would say the author's observation has a motive. He does not watch birds, but watches for particular things in birds, the impulse, for example, of their manœuvres in flight. The theories as well as the observations are acute and ingenious. The best example perhaps is his pleading of the case for what may be called the Arctic or Ice-age theory of the cause of migration. Incidentally it might have been further strengthened by quotation from Seebohm's marvellous account of birds and mosquitoes in a Siberian spring. Somehow the generalizations are over-expressed. Exceptions leap to the mind, as when he suggests that the birds which go further to North and West also go further South in winter. Sometimes too he havers a little as in his effort to decide whether birds have the sixth sense in which Mr. Edmund Selous was interested. But at the worst, the tale is fresh and stimulating, and like most of the very beautiful illustrations, stirs and satisfies the imagination.

A book (in which this reviewer took a not unnatural interest) was published some years ago with a title very much the same as "Fishhawk's", but it dealt largely with small inland birds. "Fishhawk", though he goes methodically through the months and mentions a great many birds, is always fresher and more individual when dealing with sea and shore birds and birds in migration. He has this advantage over nearly all his predecessors that he has had a frequent chance of watching birds from the deck of a ship crossing the North Sea; and his best illustrations come from what he has seen by the sea, and in the North. His incidental comments are almost always original and of the unexpected, not least on methods of protection. The cardinal enemy, for example, to some species such as geese, is not the English long-shore gunman, but the egg-taker in the far north: in view of such an attitude of mind in the author it is perhaps a pity that Mr. Wentworth Day in his preface claims the book as a real addition to "Sporting" literature. The attribute is badly chosen. Everyone, even to professional humanitarians could enjoy both text and illustrations. Nor is an artist best praised by a sneer at other artists.

W. Beach Thomas.

SQUARE RIGGER DAYS. Edited by C. W. Domville Fife. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*

TROUBADOUR SAILS ON, by B. F. Klitgaard. *Seeley Service.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This admirably produced book is one of unique interest to those interested in the great days of sail. It is a series of autobiographies by sailing ship men, telling of personal experiences from the 60's up to to-day. And how well these sea captains write—lucid, vivid, manly writing. The tales they tell are often more thrilling than any fiction. Here are phenomenal voyages, mutinies, heroic rescues, fights, strange sights at sea, waves, water spouts, islands, fish, queer ports, and much queerer characters. The book is a real haul of sea romance and reality, seen—and this is rare, in their proper perspectives. Mr. Domville Fife could not have collected a more interesting crew of hands," that, whilst lacking the professional touch yet triumph over a weakness so manifest in writing to-day, and this is no less than an ability to write simply and well, and in as few words as possible record experiences. The professional writer in no matter what sphere he works seems to find it difficult to state facts, sometimes very commonplace ones, in anything less than three hundred pages. Reading these simple narratives makes one realize at once what Conrad's hand lacked, for all its cunning. And not the least interesting in *Square Rigger Days* is the excellent series of photographs, some of exceptional interest, being very early examples of photography, showing every circumstance of weather, work on deck, details of ship's gear, etc., etc. Some of the photographs of ships themselves are very beautiful. Of the many books dealing with life at sail published during the past year or so, *Square Rigger Days* must take a prominent place on the shelf, and it is a valuable as well as an interesting addition to the library of sea lore.

Troubadour Sails On is a continuation of the voyaging of Mrs. Klitgaard and

PALESTINE

The Palestine Partition Commission was appointed on January 4, 1938, with full powers to review the situation in Palestine and the Plan of Partition proposed by the Royal Commission on Palestine [published last year Cmd. 5479. 6s. 6d. (6s. 9d.)] The Partition Commission Report considers various plons for the future relationship of the Jewish and Arab population in the country. The Report is fully illustrated with maps which include three plans of partition. Cmd. 5854. 5s. 6d. (5s. 11d.) Statement by His Majesty's Government accompanying the Report. Cmd. 5893. 1d. (1½d.)

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Herr Hitler respecting Czechoslovakia, and Lord Runciman's Report, with Map. 3d. (4d.). The Munich Agreement. Full Text with maps. 2d. (2½d.). Official Report of Debates, House of Commons Sept. 28th and Oct. 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 1938. 6d. each (7d.). Bound in one vol. 3s. 6d. (4s.). House of Lords, Oct. 3rd, 4th, 5th. 6d. each (7d.).

HISTORY *of* PARLIAMENT

The Committee on the History of Parliament has now completed its second volume dealing with the period 1439-1509. It is a full REGISTER OF THE MINISTERS AND OF THE MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES. Some discoveries have been made on highly important aspects of the evolution of Parliament, which have hitherto been enveloped in obscurity. With collotype reproductions of some original documents, coats of arms in colour and map. 40s. (40s. 10d.) Prospectus and subscription terms post free.

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her blind troubadour husband, and a very courageous pair they are. Both were previously stage artistes, but when Mr. Klitgaard's sight failed him, things became very black for them, so black indeed that there was a grim interlude of charring and casual labour. However, as Mrs. Klitgaard says, they "had a half-completed yacht which had been our home for three or four years; and he had a voice. The scheme was to fit out the yacht for sea and sail away to France, Belgium, Holland, anywhere, and just sing. I was always led to suppose that street singers made a lot of money, so why not try it". And this is precisely what the brave couple did. Somehow they managed to complete their little vessel and with a dog, and a young man to help with the navigation they set off. Their ups and downs, successes and set-backs make vivid and exciting reading. They cruised through the Dutch canals, down the river Weser to Bremen, then to Denmark, and the Baltic by the Kiel Canal, meeting many interesting personages on the way, including the Crown Prince of Denmark, and Kemal Attaturk. The book is illustrated with photographs.

JAMES HANLEY.

FINLAND, by J. Hampden Jackson. *George Allen & Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

DEMOCRATIC SWEDEN, edited by Margaret Cole and Charles Smith. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There is no doubt that Finland, boldly called "the Eastern outpost of Western civilization" by Mr. Hampden Jackson, is the most interesting and the most successful of the States created as a consequence of the Great War of 1914-1918. The British ignorance of fundamental geographical facts outside the Empire has always been a source of legitimate amazement to foreigners, and it can safely be assumed that out of a hundred Englishmen, picked at random in the street, only very few would be able to give any concrete information about Finland. The book is very well written and few non-Finns have such a profound knowledge Finland as this author. After brilliant introduction, Mr. Jackson go very thoroughly into the history of t Finnish people, but the two chapte describing the actual conditions in t Finland of to-day are, however, ve concentrated. A good deal more cou conveniently have been written abo this interesting subject. T geographical facts are rather meagr and more such information ought have been given. The developme of the Finnish Republic presents ma extraordinary features, some of the of no mean interest to this country, a deserving both study and approbatio Finland was the first European countr to settle her war debt to the Unit States, a fact that had a tremendo bearing on the feelings of the avera American citizen. It is the firm beli of many people in this country that Great Britain had done likewise, t United States would have taken a mu firmer stand against the dictatori powers during the recent crisis. Than to clever legislation, one Finnish fami in every three owns land, this is t greatest achievement of free Finlan England would most probably be mu better off, and there would be conside ably less unemployment here if similar arrangement could be made Great Britain. Both England a Finland should be grateful to M Jackson for his truly remarkable boo the relations between the two countri have never been more intimate th now, and Finland is definitely p British.

Mr. Jackson's book is light readin "Democratic Sweden" is not, but it by far the most interesting book abo Sweden published in this countr although it is not as concentrated the famous "Sweden, the Middle Wa by Marquis W. Childs, published by t Yale University Press in Americ "Democratic Sweden" is a comple survey of the Swedish political a economic system carried out by t highly qualified specialists of the N Fabian Research Bureau. In t

troduction it is pointed out that one the reasons why the Swedes have en able to reach a very high standard prosperity is that they have no mpire, no colonies and no obscure litical interests in other countries. rther, " there is no class or financial mination to be broken and no rich terests vested firmly in the prevalence poverty, ignorance, and crime ". fact, there are very few very poor ople in Sweden and also very few ry rich. Only 33,000 people have a arly income of £500 or over. Powerful d complex capitalism does not exist, t the State is still far from Socialist, though the Government is socialistic. ne Swedish Conservative leader, gge, is quoted in the book as having id that Sweden is practically a talitarian State, except for the fact at in Sweden everybody can openly iticize the Government. Sweden has en living in peace ever since 1809 hen she lost Finland to Russia and us the country has been able to velop internally in a perfectly quiet d undisturbed atmosphere as far influence from the outside world is ncerned. There are no national or ligious minorities, or, if they exist, ey are so small that they cannot sturb the peace of the land. The ing is not a puppet, he has always ken a lively interest in all State fairs, and, on many critical occasions, the mere fact that he stands above litical and party strife, he has been le to guide his country along the ght path to happiness and peace.

HANS OSTELIUS.

ROM SUFFERING TO FULFILMENT, by Count Hermann Keyserling. *Selwyn & Blount.* 16*s.*

Keyserling is the philosopher of eedom. It is a markedly difficult ord to grapple with, and vague ideas to what constitutes political freedom ve done democracy no good. Faced th ferocious States uninterested in edom, we are in a very poor way. r our conception of freedom is so gue that it gives us no dynamic upon

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which to build or to act—unless, with muddled cynicism, we use the very weapons of the enemy we fear.

It is laughable to hear feeble publicists of to-day telling us that upon the fate of Spain depends the future of democracy. If a democratic country like England cannot save itself by its own intrinsic efforts then it had better give up and make way for a dictator who shall present the Average Man with what he really wants in all countries—an efficient Tyranny.

It does not seem to me at all possible that the necessary spiritual revival of democracy can be brought about unless the individual achieves a definite metaphysical conception of personal freedom to start with. I think Keyserling can give him this—I do not know any other modern philosopher or psychologist who addresses himself so persistently and consistently to this end. He regards man as primarily a magician. He posits within every man a mysterious power. He calls it "the what is free in man". This is a spiritual capacity in us to lay the significant accent where we wish on any given aspect of any given fact. We can do this, he says. That's the first point. And the second point is this: if we do it we change the nature of the reality we are dealing with, we give it what value we choose. Two people quarrel. They are free to bestow the accent where they like; they can make the thing terrible, bitter, soul-destroying, and thus descend into hell; or they can transmute it into a nothing—truly they can remove a mountain!

This we all know to be true, and it is a splendid thing to have it put into a thorough philosophical setting. If we had the courage to pursue it there would be wonderful results finally in the life of a nation—for though the evil in us is stronger than the good, the will to good is stronger than the will to evil. But if we go about in our usual hopeless way, without a morality or a religion or a metaphysic, what good is political freedom to us? "If a man is inwardly and really free he will conquer any rights which he lacks" says Keyserli with ultimate truth, "If he *is* in esse a slave no right to freedom will be a good at all to him. This explains t hostility of modern ideologies to fr dom. They represent a natural a healthy reaction against the fact experience that as soon as slaves a 'unfettered' all the spirits of t underworld, the spirits of malice, env pettiness, theft, treachery, cowardi lying, deceit, rage, and delight violence break loose".

In England there has been no sudd unfettering of the slave. It has be gradual, and it has produced t Average Man—who is the undoing democracy since he has proved hims unworthy of freedom.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

THE OLD PUBLIC SCHOOLS ENGLAND, by John Rodgers. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This latest volume of the "Briti Heritage Series" has no precedent, t publishers contend, among the numero books hitherto produced on this subje This claim is largely justified by t book's appearance and illustratio For its size and price this must be t handsomest work of its kind. regards the text, the novelty wou seem to consist in a readable style a an evident preference for the mere historical. By refusing to consid foundations of a later date than 18 the author partly avoids the invidio task of selection and exclusion. Th policy also enables him to give genero treatment to some smaller scho which another form of exclusivene might have led him to ignore. chronological snobbishness has t further convenience of settling t order in which the schools are to considered. Beginning with Kin School, Canterbury, and ending (so twelve hundred years later) wi Downside—which indeed only scra into the category by a meagre five ye —schools are dealt with in strict or of seniority.

In fairness, both to the author and s potential readers, it must be made ear that this is no work of reference. y carefully collecting the more teresting and amusing historical facts d anecdotes, Mr. Rodgers has oduced an attractive book which can read from cover to cover and which ll certainly delight all who read it. n the other hand, this book could be little use to an anxious parent with a y to educate. The reader is told tle about present conditions, less out present aims, and nothing about obable developments. There is, deed. nothing in the book—save the ustrations—which could induce any- e to prefer one school to another, cept perhaps on antiquarian grounds. or is there more than a cursory ference to recent tendencies in ucation.

It is a pity that the author, with his torical leanings, should have found little occasion to comment on the y in which Eton has reached the van educational progress by a process standing still. Nothing can be re disheartening for the revolutionary admaster than to discover that his st startling innovation is an Etonian tom of scarcely credible antiquity. thing, moreover, could go so far to pport Mr. Rodger's contention that old public schools have still their t to play in the national life.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

IS REALM OF ENGLAND, by Sir John Marriott. *Blackie.* 15*s.*

f ever the time should come when ne Gibbon of the future undertakes write "The Decline and Fall of the tish Empire" in what terms, Sir n Marriott asks, will he characterize achievement? What value will he gn to the legacy we shall have left nankind? What will that legacy be? legacy of Greece and the legacy of me we have come to assess glibly ugh. The Greeks set for all time a ndard of beauty; Hellenic culture vived the break-up of the Hellenic ld. Rome gave us the law; her

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code laid the legal foundations on which the greater part of our social order still stands. To those things what have we added? Our own art, our own law, our own science, they themselves are no mean heritage. But in all those spheres of human ingenuity England has her rivals. In another sphere she has none. "Her supreme achievement" writes Sir John, "her most characteristic contribution to the sum of human happiness, lies in the sphere of Politics. No other nation in world-history has excelled or equalled her in the art of Government, in the ordering of the Commonwealth, in promoting the well-being and happiness of the many peoples committed to her charge. By prolonged and patient experiment England has gone nearer than any other nation towards a solution of the ultimate problem of Politics". The present volume is a constitutional history addressed primarily to the general reader who is proud of the land and inheritance to which he has been born, but has little understanding of the process by which our present Constitution has been evolved. It does not claim to present any great amount of new knowledge on a subject about which much has already been written. It does attempt to collate that knowledge in a single volume and in a digestible form. It has unquestionably succeeded. It traces the growth of national unity from Roman Britain, through the age of the great Earldoms to the Norman Conquest, and so down to the pre-war Empire, the European War itself, and the Statute of Westminster of 1931. Obviously the author has not space to concern himself with the tabulating of the events of those centuries. Some considerable knowledge of them is presupposed in the reader and is essential if many of the author's references are to be understood. The present narrative is interested in the sequence of historical events only in so far as they affect the method of government chosen at the time in order to meet them. Indeed it is in its demonstration of the ability of England to change her constitution to meet changing conditions that t value of the book chiefly lies. If may draw any single conclusion fr Sir John Marriott's history it is thi that the predominant factor in c method of government throughout t ages has been not liberty but flexibili

The book is plainly of unusual intere at the present time. We have reform our Parliamentary system in the past meet a changing world. If we are maintain our rank as a first-class pow we shall have to do so again. But making the change we must build our own foundations and not co continental models. Those wh minds are occupied with wonderi what that change should be, and h it may be brought about, will fi valuable guidance in Sir John Marriot pages.

GORDON WINTER

FLYING COLOURS, by C. S. Foreste *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

GARLAND OF BAYS, by Gwyn Jon *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH, Waldo Frank. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

SUCH HARMONY, by Susan Goodye *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Forester has completed t Hornblower Trilogy with a gra flourish, and *Flying Colours* will n disappoint his numerous admirers. is, in fact, a first-class story, and usual the story is made more vivid the author's keen delineation character. Captain Hornblower is quick as ever to seize an opportuni and turn it to account, and though his plans are successful he continu in an agony of self-depreciation. spite of all his years in the rough sch of Nelson's navy he remains a man sensibility, so that when circumstan and human weakness drive him into t arms of the sympathetic châtelaine the mansion by the Loire, he succum with grace and treats his mistress wi kindness and courtesy, realizing th they both know it is a temporary affa

Nor is his remorse, genuine though it is, the soul-searing affair that a weaker character would make of it. He gets his reward through a couple of coincidences, it is true, but no one could say it is not well earned, and yet (Mr. Forester and his Captain being what they are) there is a distinct flavour of dust and ashes about it when it does come.

Mr. Gwyn Jones transports us to an earlier but equally stirring period of English history, the middle years of Elizabeth's reign, and his canvas, though wider and more detailed, does not fail in convincingness. Every student of the later Tudor days will thrill with excitement at his varying picture of the England of that time: the respectable security of the cathedral city of Norwich; the academic narrowness of official Cambridge and the inevitable unruliness that went with it; the life above and below stairs in a great country mansion; the dangers of the roads; and finally the amazing pageant of Tudor London, too rich to be detailed here, with its filth and splendour and its urgent restlessness.

The story of the novel is perhaps unworthy of its setting. It is, in fact, a version of the good old theme of *Eric*, or *Little by Little*, with Robert Greene, poet and dramatist, in the part of Eric. To be quite fair, it would be difficult to write the true story of Greene on any other theme, for he was actually torn all his life between good and evil, with evil an easy winner. At any rate in *Garland of Bays* he is more sympathetically portrayed than he was by his enemy Gabriel Harvey (a rather nebulous figure in the novel), but he remains essentially an unsympathetic hero.

The Bridegroom Cometh transports us to modern America, not the kind-hearted hospitable America that so many of us know, but a grey polyglot chaos with customs and standards far stranger than those of the remotest parts of Europe.

I always think it is rather unfair to ask a European reviewer to express

"Well worth reading."—
Lord Birdwood.

Sir George Arthur
NOT WORTH READING
"Some interesting reminiscences . . . By those for whom Edwardian and late Victorian days are only history, this book can be read—and read again with interest." *Times.* 12/6 net

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A. G. Macdonell in Observer. 8/6 net

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LONGMANS

an opinion on an American novel; it is difficult for him to assess values in a two-dimensional world, a world without background, which is America. And Mr. Frank's four-dimensional manner, with its time-inversions, only goes to make the assessment more difficult.

There is a sort of wilful aimlessness about Mary Donald, whose life is here revealed, that makes it very hard to call up any sympathy for her. It is true that she had very bad luck; not only did she suffer from inadequate mental equipment (after several years in two "colleges" she had not succeeded in learning the whereabouts of Java), but also she was brought up by a vague father and an unfeeling stepmother in an atmosphere of hysterical religiosity, where all earthly pleasures were Sin and nothing mattered in this world because of the Second Coming which was at hand. We are told how she flops purposelessly into marriage with a decent enough man, the dull, family-ridden Dutch Jew Willem Taess; and with apparently as little purpose flops out of marriage again into a series of undesired adulteries. The Bridegroom had not yet come. Later on her adventures take on a sociological flavour, as Mary flings herself wholeheartedly, if ineffectually, into the life and cause of the depressed workers of New York. We are left wondering whether the last Bridegroom, personifying the Cause, will be any more permanent than the others.

It is a comfort to turn to a book in which the author has not only the ability to create a convincing plot, but also a thorough grasp of the English language and how to use it. Miss Goodyear is experienced in the art of portraying the life and manners of unmetropolitan England, and her references to Darcy and Mrs. Proudie reveal those whom she regards as her masters—and of whom she is no mean disciple. In *Such Harmony* the action centres round the activities of the death-watch beetle in the priceless roof of a Priory Church, but the working-out of the destiny of the characters thus brought together involves some of the deepest problems of the human soul. Especially brilliant is the comparison between the two Hemsley sisters: one, Rachel, unmarried but mellowed by years of devotion to her father's work in a poor London parish; the other, Catherine, married to the Rector, an ascetic mystic from whom she has kept herself apart by failing to confess a youthful error. What makes it all the more convincing is that the family likeness is there, even though Catherine is mentally lazy and insensitive to any needs but her own, while Rachel's mind is attuned to catch the least breath of feeling astir in another's. Local jealousy aroused by the importation of London workmen to see to the roof, malicious gossip again inspired by jealousy, and harmless eccentricity turned to madness by jealousy, all conspire to ruin the Rector's life work and to shatter the happiness of Rachel and Elsham. How they can best be dealt with is Miss Goodyear's secret—a secret well worth finding out by the reading of this satisfying book.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

TWENTY-FOUR TALES by Gerald Bullet—*Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is a golden-rule for reviewers of short stories or any fiction, that they should be sympathetic towards authors of established reputation before attempting to criticize their work. It is unfortunate, therefore, that Mr. Bullett's own selection from "a harvest of fifteen years, together with five new items" should have come our way. Judged by the highest standards, it is difficult to regard Mr. Bullett as a master of the short story. Either his subject matter is not important enough to command the high pitch of interest essential to the short story, or Mr. Bullett's treatment of his theme is not sufficiently compelling. It is best to take Mr. Bullett at random, read the first pages of "The Mousetrap" or "The Tower" and then decide if Mr. Bullett's characters are likely to demand your immediate attention to fortunes other than your own.

THE CIRCUS IS COMING, by Noel Streatfeild. Illustrated by Steven Spurrier. *Dent.* 6*s.*

ESCAPE TO PERSIA, by Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock. Illustrated by the authors. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ANOTHER PONY FOR JEAN, by Joanna Cannan. Illustrated by Anne Bullen. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

WANDY WINS, by Allen Chaffee. Illustrated by D. L. Mays. *Murray.* 5*s.*

THE INDIAN TWINS, by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated by the author. *Cape.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

GAY COMPANY, by Catharine Scales. Illustrated by Mowbray Leigh. *Witherby.* 6*s.*

CHRISTMAS AT THE FOUR PAWS CLUB, by Abbie Phillips Walker. Illustrated by A. E. Ker. *Hamilton.* 5*s.*

SAMBO AND SUSAN, by Katharine Harrison Wallace. Illustrated by the author. *Collins.* 5*s.*

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER, by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Isobel and John Morton Sale. *Michael Joseph.* 6*s.*

Under the watchful surveillance of child psychologists, the imagination of authors who write for the junior market is becoming sadly standardized—one might almost say sterilized. Purged of all moral implications, carefully unsentimental in approach, the modern children's book is, psychologically speaking, as hygienic as a modern breakfast food, and almost as dull. Not that we want to return to the sentimental yearnings of *Little Meg's Children* or *Misunderstood,* but I am sure that the carefully nurtured children of to-day like reading about boys and girls who are faced with real problems and a way of life that is unfamiliar to them.

It is for this reason that Miss Noel Streatfeild scored an immediate success with her first book, *Ballet Shoes,* and why the popularity of her new one, *Here Comes the Circus,* is assured. The story relates how a couple of children, brought up in a genteel suburban environment, run away from home to spend a summer "tenting" with their uncle, an acrobat in Cob's Circus. Every aspect of this strange new world, made up for a medley of clowns, acrobatic children, wild animals, performing horses, dogs and seals, reveal a way of life that is fascinating both by its glamour and its very matter-of-factness.

Another book that stands out of the general ruck is *Escape to Persia,* by Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock. These two young writers produced an excellent book last year under the slogan of "By Children, For Children, About Children" and their present story is launched under the same ægis. It deals with the adventures of three youngsters who inveigle their not-very-bright aunt into letting them find their way to Exmoor at the cost of 10/- per head, and what befell them when they got there. The authors show both inventiveness

1/6

THE

ARYAN PATH

Vol. IX Special Christmas Number No. 12

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N.B.—The January issue will be a Special Peace Number, and will include articles by

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and ingenuity in the working out of their plot and a certain conventionality of characterization may be forgiven them.

Conventionality, however, certainly cannot be attributed to that gay young writer Joanna Cannan, for her book *Another Pony for Jean* is everything that a children's story should be and her heroine as human a small person as ever saddled a pony and lost hounds on her first hunt. Almost as human is Cavalier, her pony (we are not introduced to the "other pony" until half way through the book) who throws up his head and makes camel faces when shown the bridle, bucks at flying leaves and behaves like an angel when faced with a snorting steam roller. *Wandy Wins*, another story about a pony, is much more conventional in mould, and though Wandy's adventures include being trained as a racing pony, stolen by a pedlar and worked as a pannier pony by a young fish seller before being restored to his rightful owner, the story lacks that feeling of probability that marks every page of Miss Cannan's book.

When we come to stories for the ten-year-olds and under, a problem confronts us: should books in this category be composed of stories enlivened by a few illustrations or illustrations enlivened by a few stories? It depends, I suppose, whether they are intended for story-time reading by grown-ups or as a picture book to hold juvenile attention while nurse is busy elsewhere. In the former class I should think that *The Indian Twins* by Lucy Fitch Perkins should have the right appeal. Each chapter is of a convenient length for reading aloud and there are sufficient illustrations to brighten the text for both reader and listener. Two other lively books of this kind are *Gay Company* by Catharine Scales and *Christmas at Four Paws Club* by Abbie Phillips Walker.

Among picture books for the tinies so vast is the selection to chose from that it is almost invidious to pick out one for special report. I should like to mention, however, *Sambo and Susan*, written and illustrated by a young lady of twelve, and composed of three short stories of admirable restraint in length and treatment. This book has the added attraction of offering to its possessor the prospect of winning a handsome prize of two guineas for adding an original story to the blank pages at the back. To be allowed to write and draw all over the back pages of a new book is a delight seldom encouraged, and it is an opportunity that no child should wish to miss. Twelve year olds, however, will not find it easy to surpass Miss Wallace.

I cannot leave the subject of books for young children without mentioning that Eleanor Farjeon has produced a book of verse that is as airy as thistledown and, despite its severely practical index, as charmingly inconsequential as the notes of a wren. It is illustrated by the same artist who did the drawings for *Martin Pippin the Daisy Field*.

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FREDERICK MULLER

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

It is with satisfaction that we turn this month, in one of our articles, from the atmosphere of crisis to the commemoration of one of our great editors, John Morley. Morley reigned at THE FORTNIGHTLY for fifteen years, but it was not until after this time that a young man, **J. A. Spender,** came to London from Oxford, "dreaming of a literary career" and bringing "a letter of introduction to Morley". The close contact which Mr. Spender kept with Morley from that date gives his portrait peculiar charm.

Lord Esher also knew Morley, for at one time he was Assistant Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for India (Viscount Morley). Lord Esher, however, is concerned in this issue with a survey of the German colonial claims, and although opinion has hardened considerably during the last two or three weeks against Germany, the article is a brilliant survey of what must remain a vexed problem. Once again we entrust **D. W. Brogan** with the task of interpreting the results of the American elections, a job he accomplishes with his usual perspicacity and good humour.

The political battle for and against Mr. Chamberlain is still being waged with violence and with little indication that either side are likely to stop arguing for want of breath. Before we get down to bed-rock, however, **Helen Simpson**—now a full blown parliamentary candidate first and a novelist second—introduces the subject with a delicious sketch of her experiences of cart-canvassing her electorate. **P. V. Emrys-Evans, M.P.,** then sounds the attack, **Lord Elton** replies, and **C. Delisle Burns** puts forward a third point of view of the whole situation. All three contributors are well known to us. Mr. Emrys-Evans as the Conservative but at the moment opposition member, as far as foreign politics are concerned, for Southern Derbyshire, Lord Elton as a one-time Labour candidate and now as one of the most popular of all regular broadcasters, and Mr. Delisle Burns whose special field is social philosophy.

In the field of home affairs **Cecil Preston** has contributed a most valuable article on our legal liberties. **H. M. Nahmad** reflects ably on the new Turkey; of Syrian-Jewish stock he has travelled extensively and speaks, in addition to English and French, Arabic, Persian, Hebrew, and some Turkish. **A. Morgan Young,** whose wide experience of the Far East is well known, manages to make entertaining a subject which is full of savagery.

THE FORTNIGHTLY CHRISTMAS APPEAL

GRIM and terrifying events the world over have made many calls on the pockets of the charitable during the past twelve months, and it is small wonder if the urgent appeals from China, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia and elsewhere have drowned with their clamour, the less strident voices of our own good causes. Far be it from us to suggest that money given, and freely given, in answer to all these appeals has not been of the utmost value to humanity, but it does behove us while remembering the plight of the refugees to recall the great and necessary work done by our own hospitals and by societies working to protect the weak against the strong, and to fight for right in every part of the world.

* * * * *

If the calls are greater this year, then the response must be greater. There is no question about that. Christmas is the time when it is easier to determine to give, and Christmas is not only the period when we should remember all those in less fortunate circumstances than our own, but it is also the time when we should count our blessings and rejoice that we are in a position to hold out the helping hand. No one, on the grounds that he has given much already, should say 'no' to charity this year for charity is hungry and deserving of our aid.

* * * * *

It is an unfortunate fact that the poor, the sick, the suffering and all others deserving of our compassion, though always with us, are not able to make their presence felt except at certain times during the year. We would be wise, therefore, and in the best sense charitable, if we bore this fact in mind when assessing how much we can afford to give. And since we are at all times inclined to underestimate, in cold blood, our capacity for giving, we should take a pride in giving just a little more than we think we can afford. Nor is there any real reason for making our assessment in 'cold blood', for a glance through the advertisement columns of THE FORTNIGHTLY should convince anyone that here are causes enough, worthy of support. We know, only too well, that it is not possible to give to all; nor is indiscrimate giving a good plan. Every one of us must determine for himself the charity or charities which appeal most strongly to his pocket and his nature. We shall not all agree and that will be satisfactory but do remember that those who do the more spectacular work are not the only ones deserving of our support. Much good work is done in the dark.

* * * * *

The usual method is to take out one's cheque book and to decide whether it shall be pounds or guineas—guineas are more helpful, for the odd shillings do add up. Better still sign a Banker's Order for a sum to be paid on Christmas Eve, now and for ever, and if possible add another for the same sum to be paid on the date of your birthday. Banker's orders make giving less of a tussle and a regular income of even a very small amount is of inestimable value to any charity.

CONTENTS

Author.	Title.	Page
Abel, H. G.	John Stuart Mill and Socialism	343
Adam, Kenneth	Freemen of the Press	34
Armitage, John	The Peace Approach	522
Armstrong, Martin	Mr. Dibdin's Lecture—*A Story*	73
Banerji, Sir Albion	An Indian Portent	205
Bentwich, Norman	The Evian Conference and After	287
Bolinger, Dwight L.	Glass—*A Story*	702
Bond, Freda	Write About Real People—*A Story*	579
Borkenau, F.	The Communist Myth	571
Brogan, D. W.	Post-Mortems	623
	The American Elections	651
Brown, Harrison	The Japanese Scene	92
Burns, C. Delisle	"Top-Dog" Diplomacy	693
Carr, E. H.	The Last Years of Peace	365
Carter, W. Horsfall	Reconnaissance on the Home Front	12
Cartland, Ronald	Democracy and Purpose	139
Chamberlin, W. H.	The West in the East	329
Charlton, L. E. O.	The Great Unprepared	424
Chesham, Lord	Tanganyika and the Mandate	585
Christie, John	Glyndebourne and Its Story	459
Church, Richard	The Cycle—*A Poem*	194
	The Poet and the Novel	593
Cole, G. D. H.	A Basis for a Social Crusade	23
Correspondence		485
Darvall, Frank	America and Mr. Chamberlain's Policy	268
Dent, A. G. H.	The Era of Management	312
Editor, The	The Loom of Power	385
Elton, Lord	Mr. Chamberlain and His Enemies	686
Emanuel, W. V.	The Naval Side of the Spanish War	83
Esher, Lord	Colonies for Germany?	641
Evans, B. Ifor	Life and Letters	493
Emrys-Evans, P. V.	Facing the Issues	679
Gillie, D. R.	Second Thoughts in France	540
Gonda Gore	Art in Nazi Germany	210
Griffin, Jonathan	Czechoslovakia's Military Strength	66
Gwynn, Stephen	Ebb and Flow—*A Commentary* 100, 230, 358, 487, 617, 739	
Haggnau, F. U.	German Housekeeping	349
Hanley, James	Beyond the Horizon—*A Sketch*	454
Hargan, James	Mikado Justice in the U.S.A.	322
Harley, J. H.	The Fading of Collective Security	257
Holden, Inez	On the Way Home—*A Sketch*	337
Humphreys, E. Morgan	Welsh Nationalism and Its Background	146
Jeffrey, Gordon	I'll See You Tomorrow—*A Sketch*	217
Joesten, Joachim	Germany's "Bleeding Frontiers"	407
Kingsmill, Hugh	The Intelligent Man's Guide to Oscar Wilde	296

CONTENTS.

Author.	Title.	Page
Lodge, Thomas	Oligarchy in Newfoundland	475
Macartney, C. A.	Nation and State	196
McDougall, William	Sigmund Freud	432
Marriott, Sir John	Firth on Macaulay	237
Matthews, H. P. S.	Poland's Foreign Relations	162
Melville, C. F.	The Czech Crisis—*The Foreground*	392
Nahmad, H. M.	Turkey Looks Forward	713
Nestor	The Balkan Barrier	153
Nogales, Manuel Chaves	Franco's Spain	412
Orwin, C. S.	Farmers' Policy	559
Parker, Robert	The Czech Crisis—*The Background*	398
Pertinax	France and Mr. Chamberlain's Policy	42
Perry, Richard	Wild Geese	49
Preston, Cecil	The Progress of Our Legal Liberties	718
Purdom, C. B.	Town Planning as a Modern Science	605
Richmond, Admiral Sir Herbert	Past and Future War at Sea	745
Rosinski, Herbert	The Strategy of the China Campaign	222
Seton-Watson, Professor R. W.	Munich and After	526
Sforza, Count	Italy and Post War Europe	278
Sheridan, Clare	Art in the Rockies	467
Simpson, Helen	Cart Canvassing	672
Sitwell, Osbert	En Voyage—*A Memory*	172
Souttar, H. S.	The Future of Medical Practice	1
Spaight, J. M.	Air Bombardment	304
Spender, J. A.	John Morley	661
Strong, L. A. G.	Good Writing	107
Wells, W. T.	National Service and a National Register	549
Williams, Kenneth	Palestine : Promise and Compromise	513
Williams-Ellis, Amabel	Moscow Mystery	184
Wiskemann, Elizabeth	Czechoslovakia and Her Future	57
Young, A. Morgan	Japan and the Head-Hunting Cult	730